INTRODUCTION BY R. CRUMB

ZOMBIE MYSTERY PAINTINGS

BY ROBT. WILLIAMS

40 MASTERPIECES THAT ARE MORALLY INSOLVENT & GROSSLY ARTISTIC

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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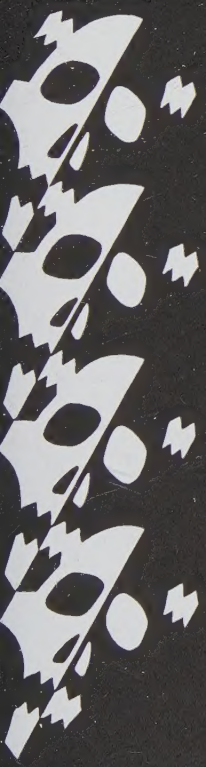
ZOMBIE MYSTERY PAINTINGS

by ROBT. WILLIAMS



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INTRODUCTION

by R. Crumb

A recurring dream I've had since about 1972 is that I'm walking around in "Robert Williams Land," a dazzling place, sort of like Disneyland, but full of grotesque robot monsters, chrome plated dinosaurs, fantastical "Funny Cars," voluptuous tits, asses and prominent pelvic structures—all finely crafted, gorgeously rendered—a beautiful nightmare. When I wake up I'm always greatly dissappointed that no such place exists in reality.

Robert Williams' "Zombie Mystery Paintings" are vivid American nightmares — a gaudy carnival midway of our seething, barbaric collective subconscious. Actually, "Mr. Bobby" once worked in a carnival. I'm sure the experience has some murky influence on his art. There's a certain hard-ass, low-life, antisocial, hoodlum aspect to his work. He makes a raggedy-assed joke of our most touchy areas; not the kind of joke you go "ha-ha" at — oh, no — it's more an ironic little wrenching in your gut...yeah, lots of fun. I don't always even quite get it, but..."

These "Zombie Mystery Paintings" are coarse, crude, yeah, ugly even. Williams doesn't have a graceful touch, no sir! His sensibilities are not what you'd call *refined*. Sorry, Ma'am, but they are also intense mind-boggling, eyeball feasts, revelations, visions, captured dreams. Personally, I like these better than his earlier twenty-layers-of-amber-varnish-two-years-in-the-making paintings, impressive as they are. I think his work continues to get better and better, more alive, more realized. He is hitting his stride, that's what I think.

A few months ago I was in L.A. and went to see Williams. I walked into his house and there were three of his most recent paintings resting on easels in the living room. My eye-balls were popping out so far they almost knocked my glasses off!!! I felt lifted off the floor by those artworks, fresh out of the oven, so to speak. I'm not kidding! Tears welled up in my eyes . . . honest to God . . . Williams was standing around . . . He looked at me as I stood there goggling his works, and said, "Hey, Crumb, want a beer or anything?" That's the kinda guy he is.

The reproductions in this book are mere shadows of the originals. Unfortunately, much of the throbbing intensity of the paint is lost. Maybe someday a really lavish, expensive art book will be published that will convey a little more of the real life of the pictures. In the meantime, we're lucky to be getting this humble folio. Williams' work is not as yet taken seriously by the fine art high-rollers and the hot-air merchants who have their ear. You know, you can actually buy, or commission, one of the "Z8mbie Mystery Paintings" for the unbelievably low, low price of $600.00!!! But rest assured, eventually those fucking cake-eaters will see the light and gather up Williams' paintings into their fabulous collections; maybe even in Williams' lifetime, but probably not.

Williams was born and raised in Albuquerque, New Mexico, if I recall correctly, went to art school in L.A., and then, in the mid-sixties, went to work for Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, the hot-rod T-shirt king and creator of the "Rat Fink." It was here that Williams' great cartoon images began to get wide circulation in print, and he was already deep into his studies of the origins of the Universe, evolution of the species, and history of civilization. In his early twenties he had already developed his drawing style and ironic humor to an advanced degree. He was also taking psychedelic drugs, like the rest of us, and by 1968 found himself inevitably a part of the underground comix culture, first appearing in *Zap Comics* in 1968.

He continued to maintain his love for custom cars and hot-rods, and does beautiful detailed paintings on this subject which are made into posters and sold through car magazines. Williams himself is the proud owner of a customized '34 Ford, which he takes out for a cruise now and then on the streets of L.A.

Sure, Mr. & Mrs. Joe Booshwah will never want a "Zombie Mystery Painting" hanging over their sofa. Williams has no illusions about that. In fact, he is possessed by a missionary zeal to shatter, penetrate, and tear all hell out of middle-class values with his art. And let's face it, the bins of art-prints that you find in every college book store and art supply store do not contain any "Zombie Mystery Paintings" either. Your college co-eds like their French Impressionists, Van Gogh, Picasso, a little Vermeer . . . maybe Salvador Dali if they're really "arty" . . . They don't want to have devil-girls in high-heels and dismembered corpses glaring down at them from the wall . . . people are romantic . . . they like pretty things, cute things . . . look at the German Expressionists . . . where do you go to find prints of Otto Dix, Max Beckman, George Grosz even? Lots of great works of the past are completely unknown to most people. What can you do?

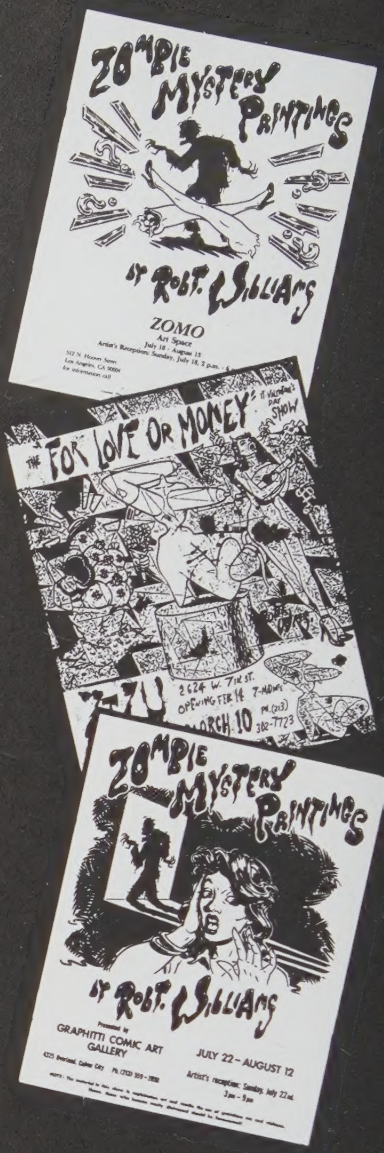
Aw hell, who wants to get rich anyway??! Williams' paintings fly in the face of all the mushy dummy dum dismal crap we are surrounded with. He knows he'll never be America's best-loved artist. That's just more grist for his mill. He's an art hero, that's the truth!

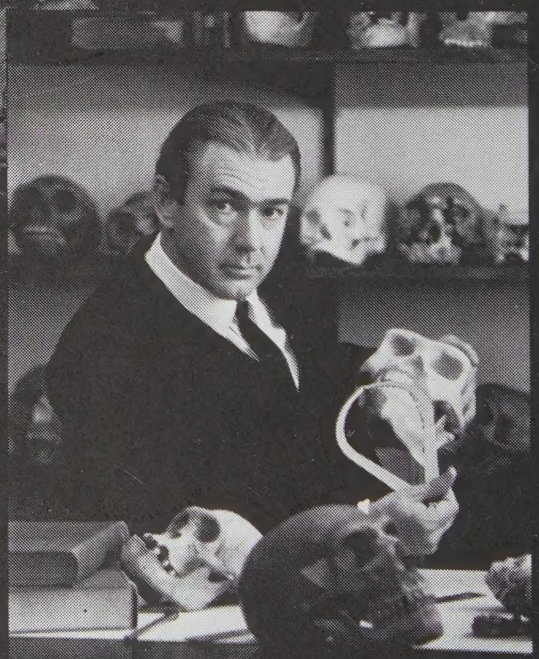
June, 1990 update to 1985 Introduction.

R. CRUMB

Hup, I just wanted to let you know that Williams guy is now selling those originals for $6,000 a piece. Tough, Boobi, you had your chance.

June, 1985





(Above) Robert Williams assuming the pose of the omnipotent creator in a cheap "Sydney Greenstreet type" tropical suit.

(Above right) Provocative handbills for the Zombie Mystery Painting shows.

(Right) Mr. Williams masquerading as an academic intellectual, seen here examining the skull of *Pithecanthropus Erectus* (Java Man).

PSYCHOPATHIA AESTHETICA

by Ray Zone

Well known as a hot rod painter, comic book artist/writer and supercartoonist, Robert Williams has taken oil painting into new uncharted realms with his *Zombie Mystery Paintings*. Those realms are the "cerebral hinterlands" of the repressed subconscious, a cacophonous underside to the so-called "fine arts." The paintings are troubling, if not indigestible, for the artsy fartsy crowd but they represent a necessary release for heretofore alienated denizens of the boondocks of the mind: lust, stupefaction, fetishism and gore.

On an immediate level these works function as devastating caricatures of titillation in mass media. They are not about sex and violence *per se* but the ways in which we receive such information in cultural context. As *outre* and bizarre as these works are, they are liberating and ultimately humorous in challenging us to think of art in new ways.

Like the astounded adolescent baseball player in Juvenile Shame at the Expense of Womankind we look through the keyhole of Williams' sensibility at both the mask of normalcy and its inverted conglomerate ganglion. Williams is like Sigmund Freud in making a vast, dismissed area of human experience the legitimate domain of art. At once we are presented with the "repressed object" of our fascination and a caricature of our own hypocritical voyeurism.

The artist himself has designated these paintings as "psychopathic cartoons" done in the new style of *sauvage moderne*. "The premise for these 'objets d'art'," he writes in the catalogue preface for his show at *Zomo Art Space*, "is to produce quickly executed pictures that force themselves on the onlooker and convey a feeling of 'force-fed' expression." The works, he elaborates, "are designed to be intriguingly disturbing." Another term he applies is "electrifyingly obtrusive."

The paintings themselves are created as "cheap icons" and made of rough Louisiana burlap (jute canvas). Utilizing many quasi-African symbols, they often make direct reference to the lore of voodoo and zombies. It is more specifically the ability of the works to induce stupefaction in the viewer that relates them to the myth of the zombie.

In one other significant way Williams has used the zombie motif to expose and analyze the psychopathology of much popular Americana. And that is a metaphorical confusion interpolating love and death. In films, novels and comics an act of heinous violence often takes the place of the act of love. One is socially permissable in art and the other is not. These are symptoms of a repressed society and the artist devastates the hypocritical neuroses with works such as *The Attraction of Opposites* by placing love and death in direct confrontation.

In addition, the term "mystery" is fittingly applied to these works for they address those primal dictates of human existence: birth, sexual identity and death. "These works are also," the artist writes, "covered with a guise of mysterious romanticism."

The outlaw posture of the modernist bohemian mythos is inherent in all of Robert Williams' work. A perusal of the book *The Lowbrow Art of Robert Williams* (Rip Off Press, 1982) makes it evident that disreputable behavior informs practically all of his work. For Williams, like many another of his post-modern compatriots, lowbrow expression comprises a total aesthetic.

The wonderful cornucopia of artistic hokum derived from TV, cartoons, rock 'n' roll and movies suffuses every work in the Zombie Mystery series. *Mondo Amore*, for example, might be read as a tribute to the bug-eyed humor of Tex Avery. Gorillas, monsters, Wolvertonian anomalies and sheer action are all on the rampage in these paintings. These delights of childhood, however, are all mixed up in a colorful melange with deeper and darker antiquities of primal humanity, an admixture that is hilarious and unsettling at once. Humor and disgust are conjoined in unprecedented ways.

These are paintings for grown-up TV babies, adults raised in a post-Atomic age. We have read our Krafft-Ebing and we have read our EC comics. But these Zombie Mystery Paintings still jolt us into stupefaction. They test the limits of the permissable and, in so doing, expand the boundaries of human freedom.

To engage in these paintings is to confront the darkest heart of humanity armed with the rubber sword of humor. Our ability to laugh is enlarged as we emerge from these sublimely ridiculous nightmares.

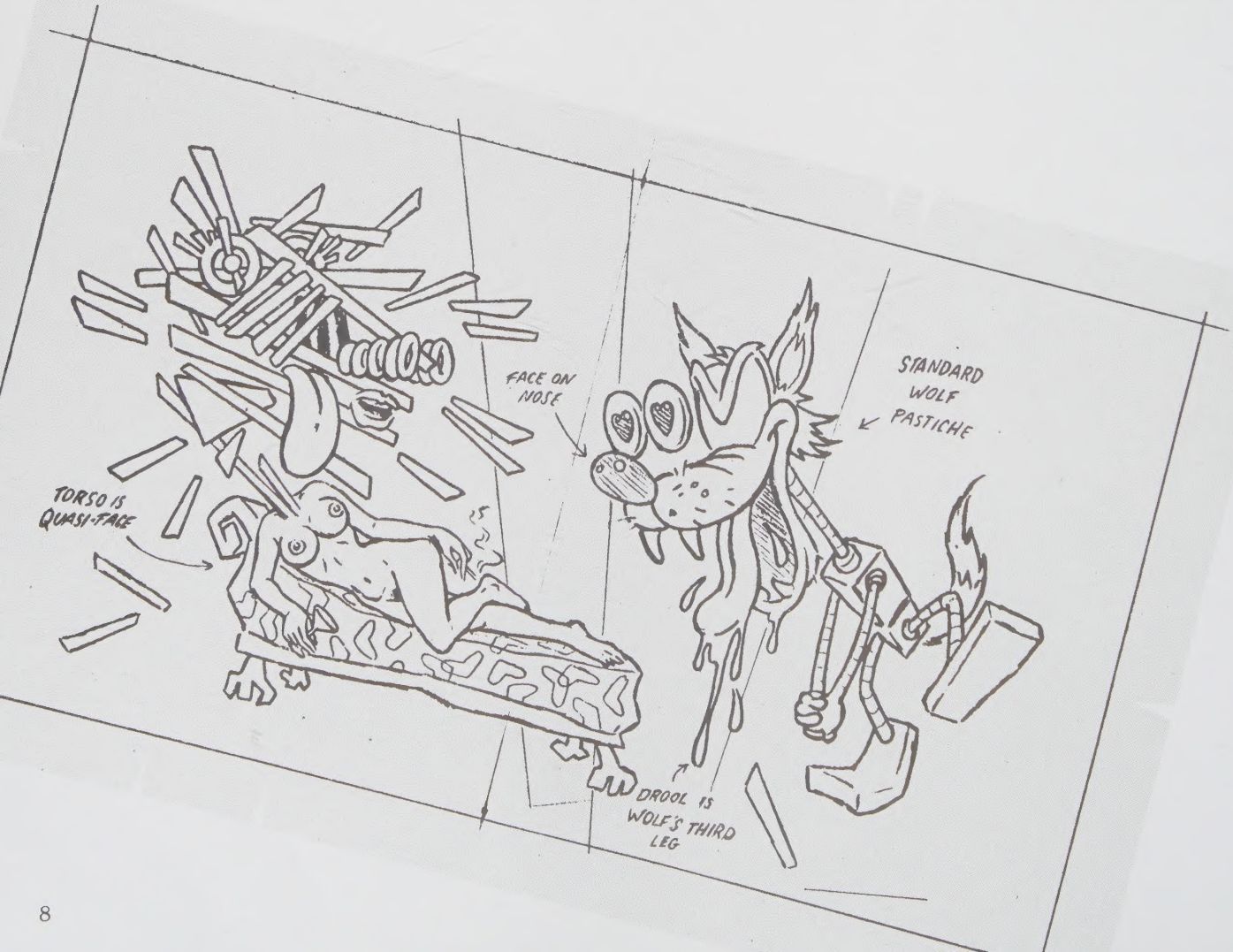
Mondo Amore

Academic Title: Submissive Nude With Admirer

Common Title: Use Dirty Language And Make Me Climb The Walls, Baby

This is the first of the Zombie Mystery Paintings with all the important characteristics of the series in evidence. Elements such as chrome emanating rays, sexploitation, irreverent representations of women and flat graphic backgrounds turn up throughout the series. However, this particular picture depicts the "no face" anonymity of vanity. The beautiful woman in the presence of a deprived lecher shows great personal character, yet no real self.

Gestalt psychology: " We shall view the wolf as a false sexual transgressor, hopelessly inadequate in dealing with his own sexual desire. This is evident by the wolf's robotic armor, or Reichian body armor, to shut off the wolf's true feelings and to free him of his fear of his own genital region and its intended function. However, the black



and white background is the real give-away to the wolf's weak ability to make decisions as he must deal in different rights and wrongs. The background tells all.

A behaviorist's view: "If I could agree to any of the above I would say that all these mental quirks are the condition of the artist himself. The artist acts the great lover but only shames himself and the woman he gives attention to. The woman's face is obscured because the artist can not bring himself to render her with an expression of a soul, because the artist can't look her in the eye. What's worse, the artist seeks to make the observers accomplices to this act of psycho-masturbation by expecting them to look upon it. Who is really being seduced: the maiden, the wolf, or the observers trying to make out the maiden's face?

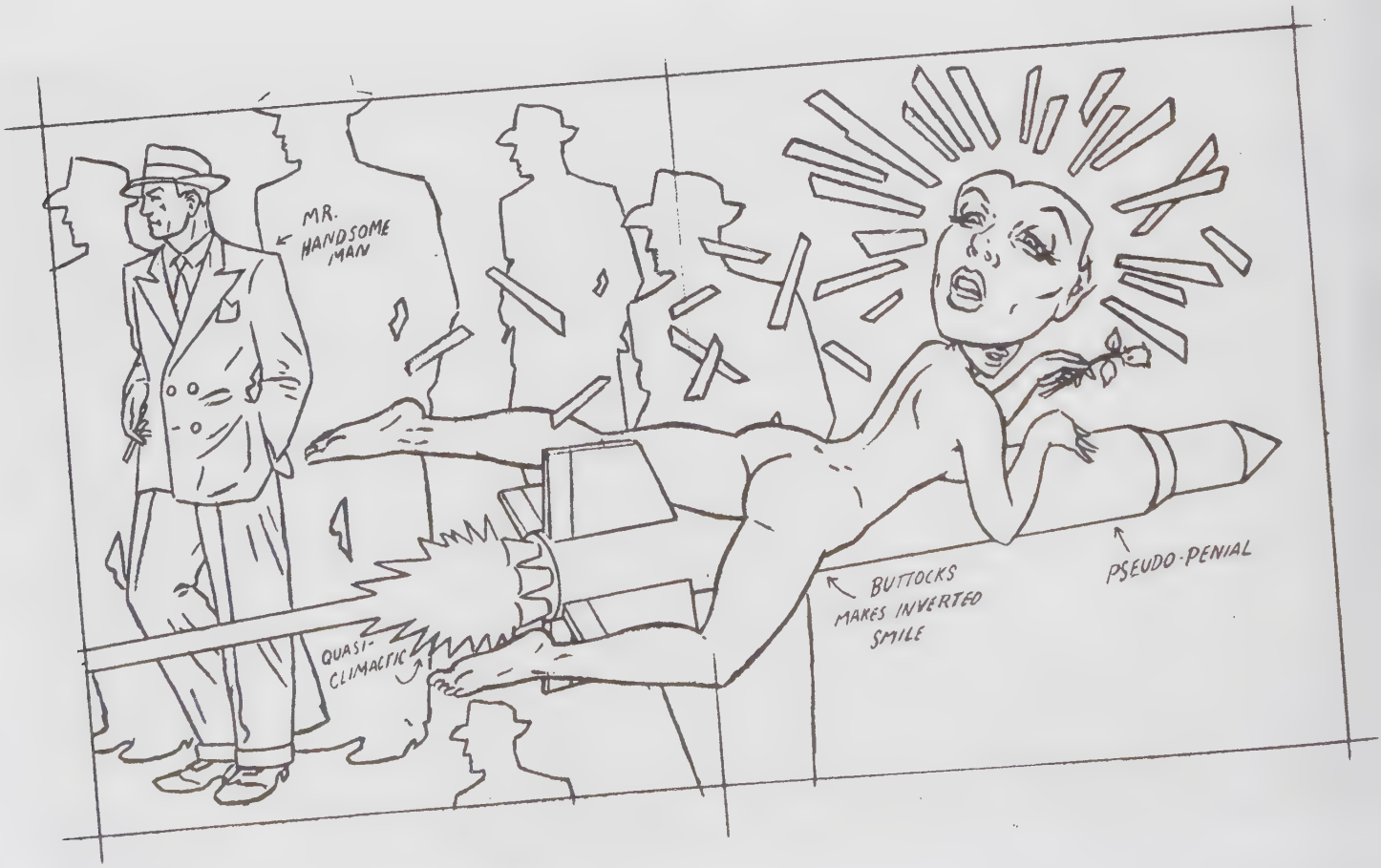
The Astronautrix And The Men In Her Life

Academic Title: The Mademoiselle Of Many Fast Acquaintances

Common Title: Heartbreaker In Orbit

This painting, when first shown in 1982, had an additional title, "Hot Spinster in the Fast Lane." Being the second painting of the series, it displays female anonymity as did the first painting, but this time with a mask. Painted in a classic comic book style, it depends upon calligraphy, the drawn line, not on flat planes of color as would a Post-Renaissance painting. The repeated 1940's style male figure is not Dick Tracy, but "Mr. Handsome Man" from 1930's and 1940's pomade ads. This painting generates just enough of the viewer's energy to express disdain. A plus in this case.

A good mood: Here the psycho-symbols seem obvious: the phallic rocket, the masked hidden face, the climactic discharge of the rocket exhaust, and of course the use of nudity. But notice, of all her men only one stands out — an opportunity for her to fit within the parameters of social mores and adjust to the confines of a monogamous relationship. The hot



and cold background represents her conflicting wills, and the flower her innocent self. Again, the background tells all.

A tough look: If we brush away the sentiment and examine the attitude with which a picture like this is created, then things turn sour. Again, the exploitation of women. The female buttocks prove to be the penultimate feature of the composition. Now the rose's true symbology is revealed: the symbol of a prostitute, the classic Carmen. She's the evil equal of the dark silhouettes of her former associates. These gentlemen's coincidental mood of big business doesn't seem to be an accident either. Does our artist see himself as the manipulator of women? The mannerisms of the male figure are, of course, very important. Is the gesture with a cigarette a sign of confidence? Does the cocked stance indicate reassurance? How long is his left arm that rests in his pocket? Could he be, for the use of a better term, playing 'pocket pool'?

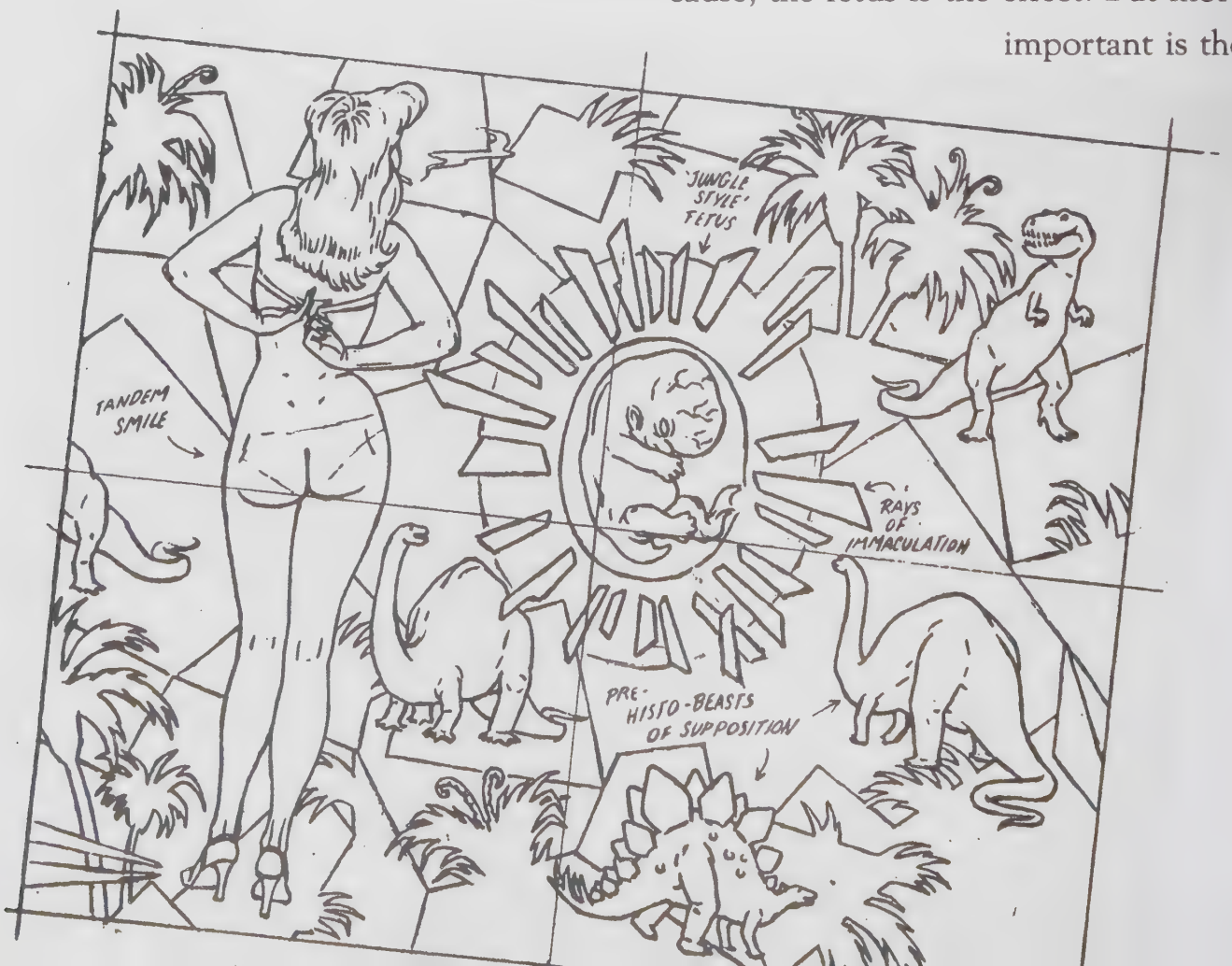
Licentious Visions Of An Evolution Advocate

Academic Title: Pilot Desires

Common Title: Is By What Ass We Grab, Evolution?

Shown here, is a painting that has been a troublesome image to many people, because of the use of the fetus. By incorporating sex, birth, and chrome prehistoric monsters, the artist draws some connection between these elements. The characters in this picture are obvious. We have a beautiful blond female suggesting sexual willingness by removal of her undergarments. She is also presenting us with a view of her magnificent posterior. This may be seen as an open sexual invitation. But to her right is the consequence of what such sexual indulgence may lead. This human fetus brings to mind the fact that all life forms respond similarly to regenerate life.

Positive remarks: Here we have a female steatopygy (the physical characteristics that make up the shape of the human buttocks) versus the forces of emotional confusion. The Gestalt view sees this picture as energies of chaos seeking self-explanation, almost answered questions lost in the broken-up background. The woman is the cause, the fetus is the effect. But more important is the



motivation of the artist to try to illustrate this mystery. The "Where did we come from?" and "Where are we going?" fear is real to all of us; but all is well because the background design subconsciously confirms unity.

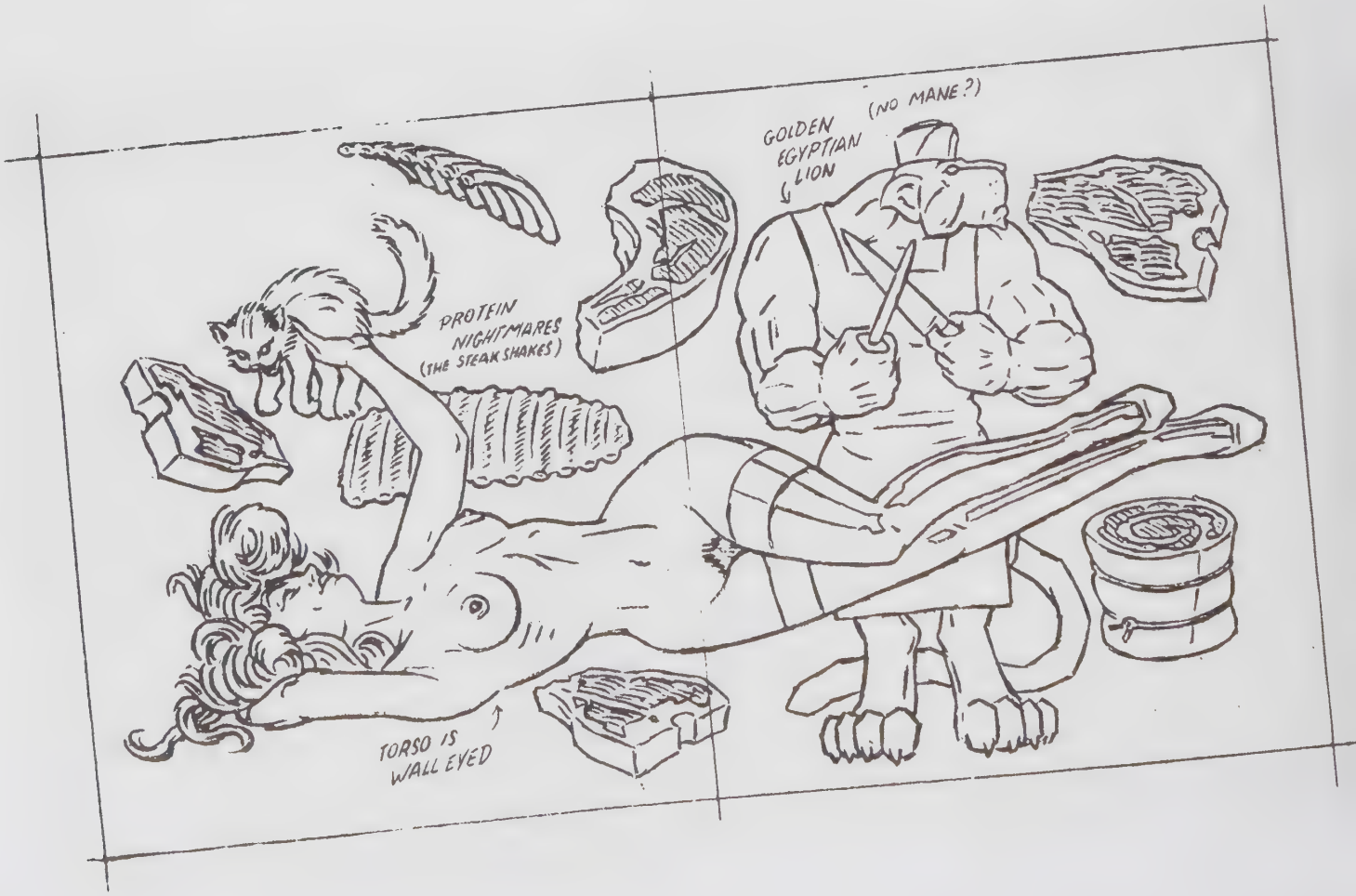
Dark questions: And now to view this painting with a more pragmatic psychology. First of all, yes, sex does make babies and we did descend from simpler life forms. But isn't this picture more closely allied with common exploitation? The chrome dinosaurs gain attention but have little cerebral meaning other than cheap artistic technique. Granted, they do symbolize evolution, but simple silhouettes could have served the same function. Besides the lurid contrast of the nude and the oversized human fetus, the "common title" gives away the artist's true character. Is the theme of natural selective breeding a good enough cover to justify this decadent preoccupation with sex? Case in point the high-heeled shoes and cigarette. And lastly, the most uncomfortable point. Is this picture implying that only a beautiful elite will judge the destiny of our species, forever exiling the 'ugly people'?

Only A Fool Thinks Their Cat Loves Them

Academic Title: The Ambiguity Of The Feline Nature

Common Title: Cat Food

Supposedly, evidence points to the common housecat as the most ancient member of the feline family. Considering all the cats of past and present, saber-toothed tigers, lions, panthers, jaguars, etc., the housecat seems to be the only one succeeding while the other, larger cats find their future in doubt. The housecat's success has been in part due to its charm which has won the human heart. This painting uses the cat to reveal an animal nature that we seem to overlook. Is the cat our friend? Is the cat our loving child substitute? Is the cat a parasite that hangs around us like a well-mannered rat? This picture brings you these questions. Here our female subject reclines in front of a solid gold Egyptian statue of a cat dressed in a butcher's apron while sharpening a butcher's knife. Surrounding her are choice cuts of meat. In her hand is a cute yellow kitten. The parallel here is easy to understand.



An affirmation: Psychologically, the first characteristic of this painting is the blood-soaked background; not that it is blood, but it is red. We're dealing here not with what the artist thinks consciously but what motivates him subconsciously. Red is the color of aggression. The second subtle feature in this painting (and all the rest of the paintings) is that all the objects are floating, they are not solidly grounded. This would indicate great insecurity. The artist pleads with the viewer to relieve his insecurity by exhibiting an agressive rage — but our sensitive artist is a paper tiger.

Serious view: On the other hand, let's view this as a behavioral psychologist would see it. The use of sex and implied violence to gain the viewers attention, shows that the artist is helpless when it comes to achieving beauty through subtlety. The cat is probably the artist in the artist's eyes. That is, he fancies himself as a slick rip-off artist with his audience. He sees things as he tries to imply the kitten perceives them — everything in the picture is meat!

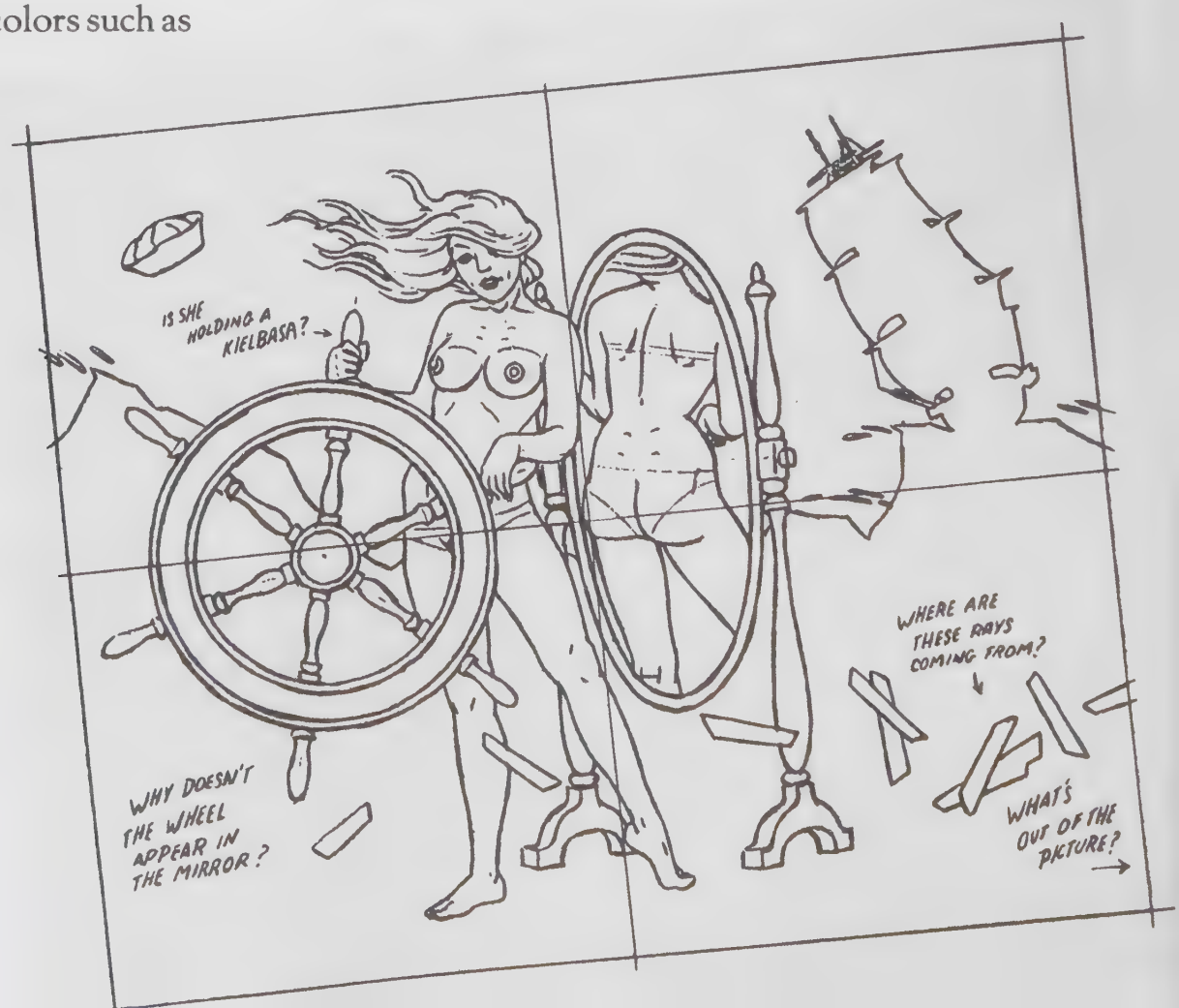
The Captain's Daughter

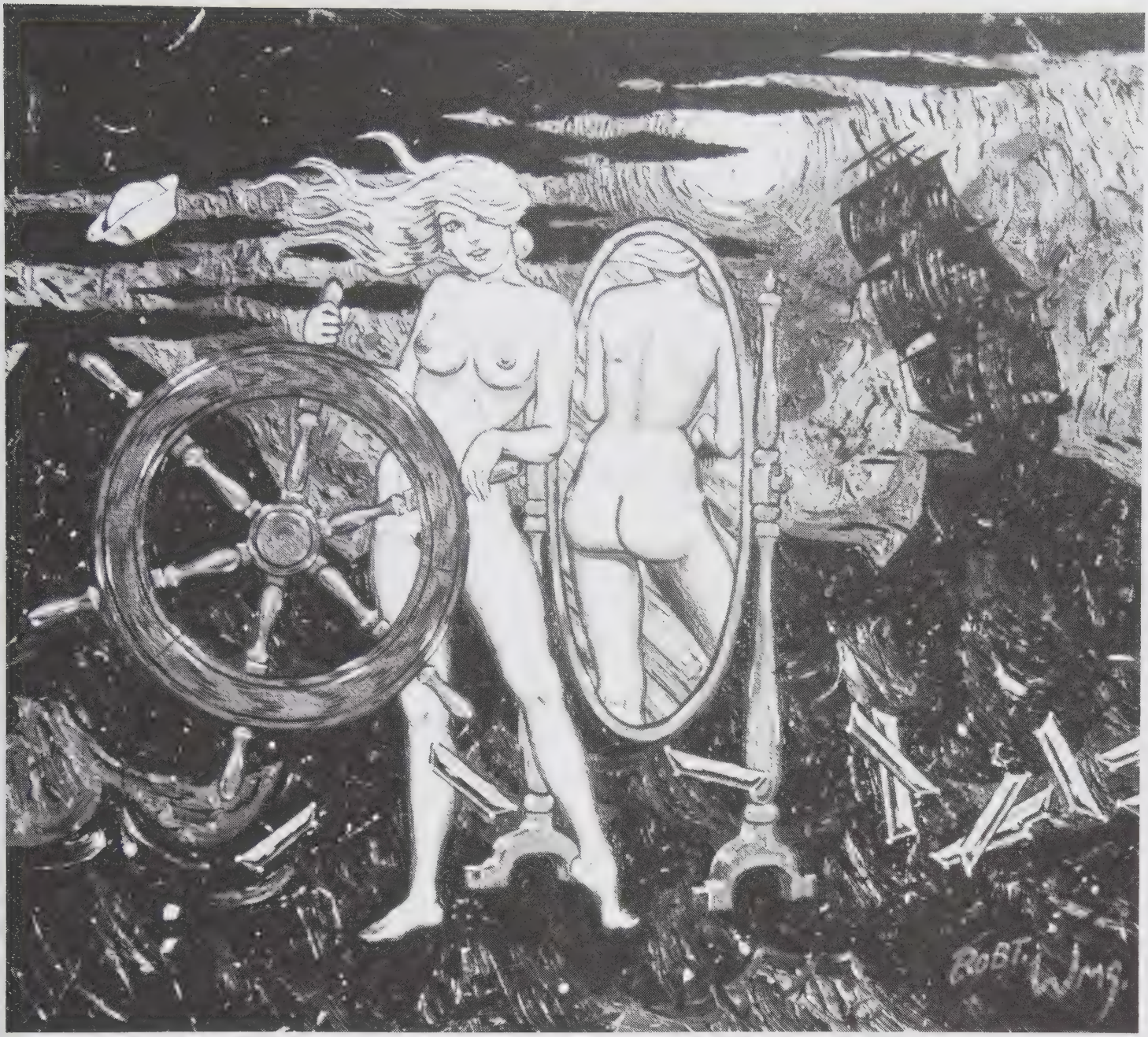
Academic Title: The Helmsperson

Common Title: Stormy Look At The Captain's Alleged Daughter

Here again, male desires cause everybody problems. Women on sailing ships have always been a problem. Even with the privileged classes, sailing voyages that took months often bent human anxieties to the breaking point. It was an old custom by high ranking mariners, to shanghai prostitutes and introduce them to the crew as upstanding ladies in transit; hence the term 'Captain's Daughter.' But in cases of storm or shipwreck the cargo and ballast had to be jettisoned and these ladies were the first thing to be thrown overboard. This painting alludes to this theme.

A deep look: A sympathetic view of this painting would start by taking notice of the texture of the canvas itself. Its thick, deep impasto reveals a moodiness and sense of melancholy introspection; a withdrawn intimacy that the artist experienced while painting this picture. Attempts to escape this mood are seen by the use of inappropriate colors such as





bright orange and light green waves. The most important feature in this painting is the moon, which in reality is the artist's surrogate eye frowning to intimidate favor from the viewer. But take heart, the artist subconsciously only wants to win the onlooker's friendship.

A spade is a spade: If the Gestalt view of this picture seems like liberal bilge, then view it this way. This painting is a textbook case of sexual repression, as are most of these paintings. The artist is practically slobbering his knowledge of the female body as though he was one of the most experienced fornicators. The use of the rear placed mirror doesn't even make a good joke, but serves as a cheap device to encourage the onlooker to join the artist as the 'all seeing voyeur.' The helm or rudder wheel, with its phallic spokes, is the device that gives the artist away. The sad aspect about this picture is: Who is the intended audience?

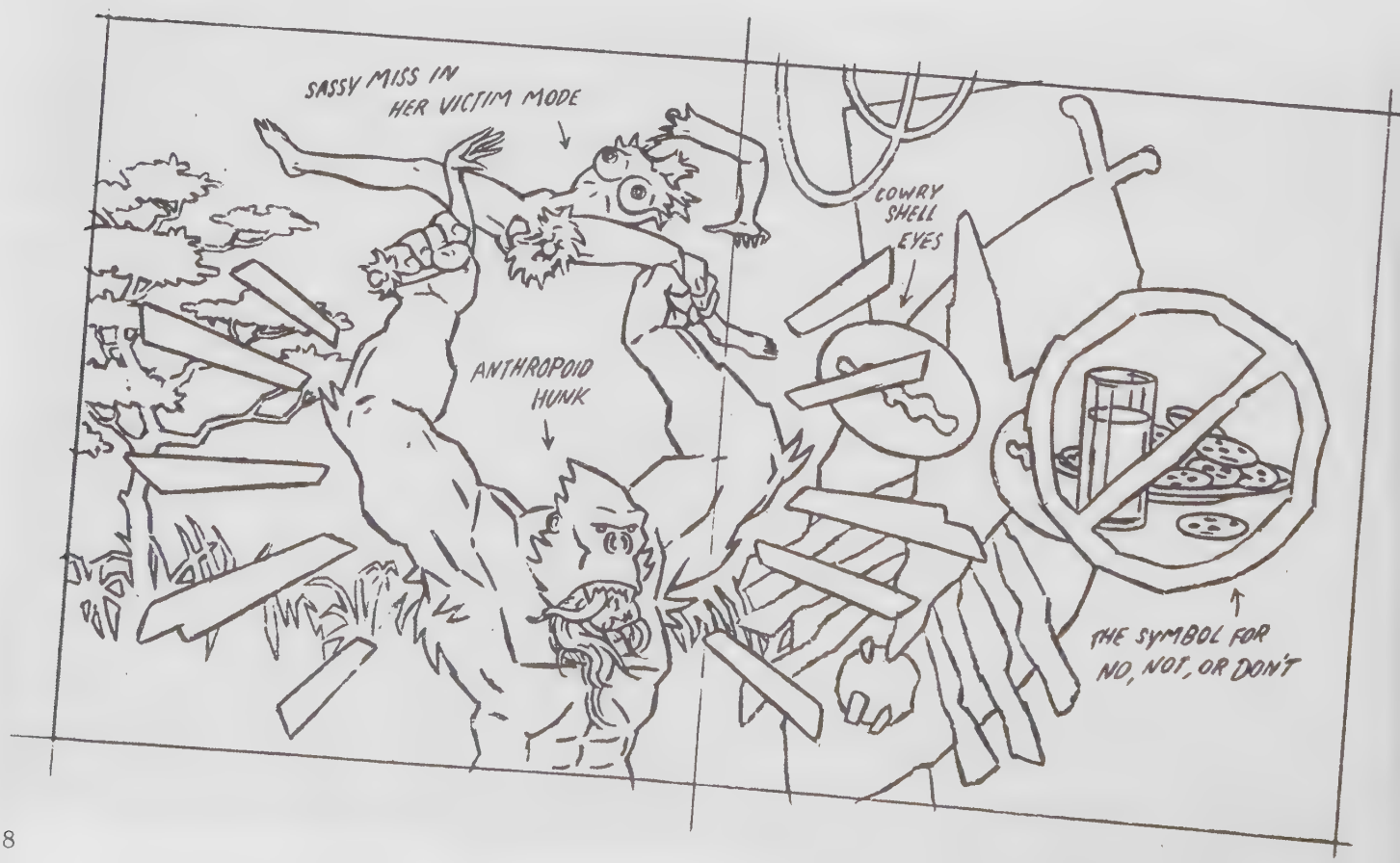
No Milk And Cookies For Gargantua

Academic Title: Simian Dismembering Maiden And Forfeiting Brunch

Common Title: Gorilla Going Apeshit

To quote from an art show catalog in which this picture appeared, we find the noble gorilla's character in question: "The gorilla was only discovered about 1850." A great deal of sympathy is generated on behalf of these endangered giants — but that wasn't always so. There have been accounts of gorillas tearing natives limb from limb. Do gorillas have that kind of strength? Note that the measurement for horsepower is one horse lifting (by wench) 33,000 pounds, one foot in one minute. The average adult mountain gorilla weighing over 600 pounds can lift himself five feet into a tree in three seconds. This works out to about 45 break horsepower in each arm! That's equal to the power of a small economy car or two motorcycles. Now consider that it takes only four horses to easily pull a human being apart.

A tolerant insight: The action in the painting goes deeper than simply 'a good boy gets his milk and cookies.' The use of the chrome emanating rays suggests that the artist is himself this



action, involved in a horrible struggle with his conflicting id — an id going nuts. Here the id lives in two personas. First the action of the gorilla and victim, and then more subtly in the persona of the primitive mask in the background. The poor artist is the picture and he suffers for his reward. His reward is the viewer's adulation.

Second opinion: The only accuracy about the above is "the artist is the picture." He's a mental mess. There's no need in going into the exploitation of women here; it alone could fill a book. The artist is not the fury of the gorilla nor is he the spirit of the innocent victim. He is the confused criminal act itself. The only yardstick to measure a picture like this by, is to investigate and find out what response the artist expected to get from onlookers. Also observe, the cowrie-shell eyes on the mask are definitely vaginal. The mask's mouth is anal. Both the milk and cookies and the girl's head in the gorilla's mouth represent oral obsessions. The artist has an obvious retentive condition. In this case, the common title should pertain to the artist and not the gorilla.

Two Bull Dykes Fighting For The Privilege Of Buying A Prostitute A Banana Daquiri

Academic Title: Two Lesbians Altercating For The Attention Of A Street Walker

Common Title: A Pair Of Butches Quarreling Over A Whore

This is one of a number of the Zombie Paintings that deal with controversial subjects. The matter of female homosexuality should be treated with dignity. The first thing that comes to mind when viewing this painting, is that respect for womankind could, in the viewer's eye, have been greatly compromised here. So, in viewing this picture, remember that it is painted in the best spirit of objective art. It documents an actual event; the three women in this picture have only been changed to correlate with the mood of this painting's artistic license. No one in this picture is neither right nor wrong — the situation simply exists. The one point that it intended to bring out, is that there doesn't seem to be any kind of covenant between the three females.

With a more sensitive observation: Here we find the artist's subconscious calling to us

from the background. Once again sexual melancholia disguises itself in rich, thick impasto and sorrowful mauves and purples as the artist's heart cries out with sympathy for the poor woman he tries to capture in paint. The shoddy barroom walls speak of their own contradictions with the murals of peaceful palm-fronded lanes; and the artist spiritually hiding behind the mask of his own id, watches quietly from his left hand corner.

Other side of the coin: The artist cries out indeed! Not with sympathy but with a common cheap curiosity. To begin with, the artist has, with great relish presented us with a scene that exhibits his personal fascination with such incidents of aggrevated perversion. Sympathy for these women is ridiculous — they represent social flotsam. To give the artist the benefit of the doubt, we could say he subconsciously wishes to convert the women and repatriate them into a heterosexual lifestyle—but that's a benefit I won't give him. It's obvious that the artist wants to roll around in the same pigsty he's painted for these tramps. In this case you are what you paint!

Weaned On Voodoo

Academic Title: Dark Mother Of Mysteries

Common Title: Suckling The Devil's Children

As described by the artist, you see three basic elements in this painting, "beauty, death and the devil." All are energy forces for the cult followers of voodoo. The she-devil is "the dark mother of mysteries," the symbol of ancestral Africa, the origin of voodoo beliefs. This picture vibrates with wild primary colors, primitive symbols and the use of gratuitous sex and violence. Here again, we have the use of shock as a substitute for drama.

A friendly theory: The romance of the metaphysical world is illustrated here by the use of a number of subconscious graphic devices. The serrating zig-zag in the background reflects an attempt to isolate elements of this picture from each other so as to make the viewer participate by trying to mentally reassemble the painting as a whole. The use of diagonal shapes in an overall horizontal picture suggests the artist's attempt to befriend the viewer, despite subjecting the viewer to unpleasant scenes. Counter-measures, such as making an existing visual device more palatable, are a friendship gesture. The artist is your friend and by looking at his naughty picture you have helped him get his problem off his chest.

On the contrary: In this painting, the artist has tried a few psychological tricks on the viewer, but they have backfired. First of all, in using metaphysics as a smoke-screen to cover his dribble, he has revealed an obvious oedipus complex. He has beheaded his father through the use of the male figure in this painting and, in so doing, revealed his own latent transvestism as he takes the form of the red she-devil. Also by the awkward and stiff pose of the male form, he indicated his own misunderstanding of his own body. Secondly, by the use of violence and shock, the artist has inferred that the viewing audience would react like "Pavlov's Dog" and feel intimidation by such a brutal scene. The artist, who is mentally out of reach with any audience, is screaming in this picture; and like a lonely falling tree in the forest, no one can hear him.

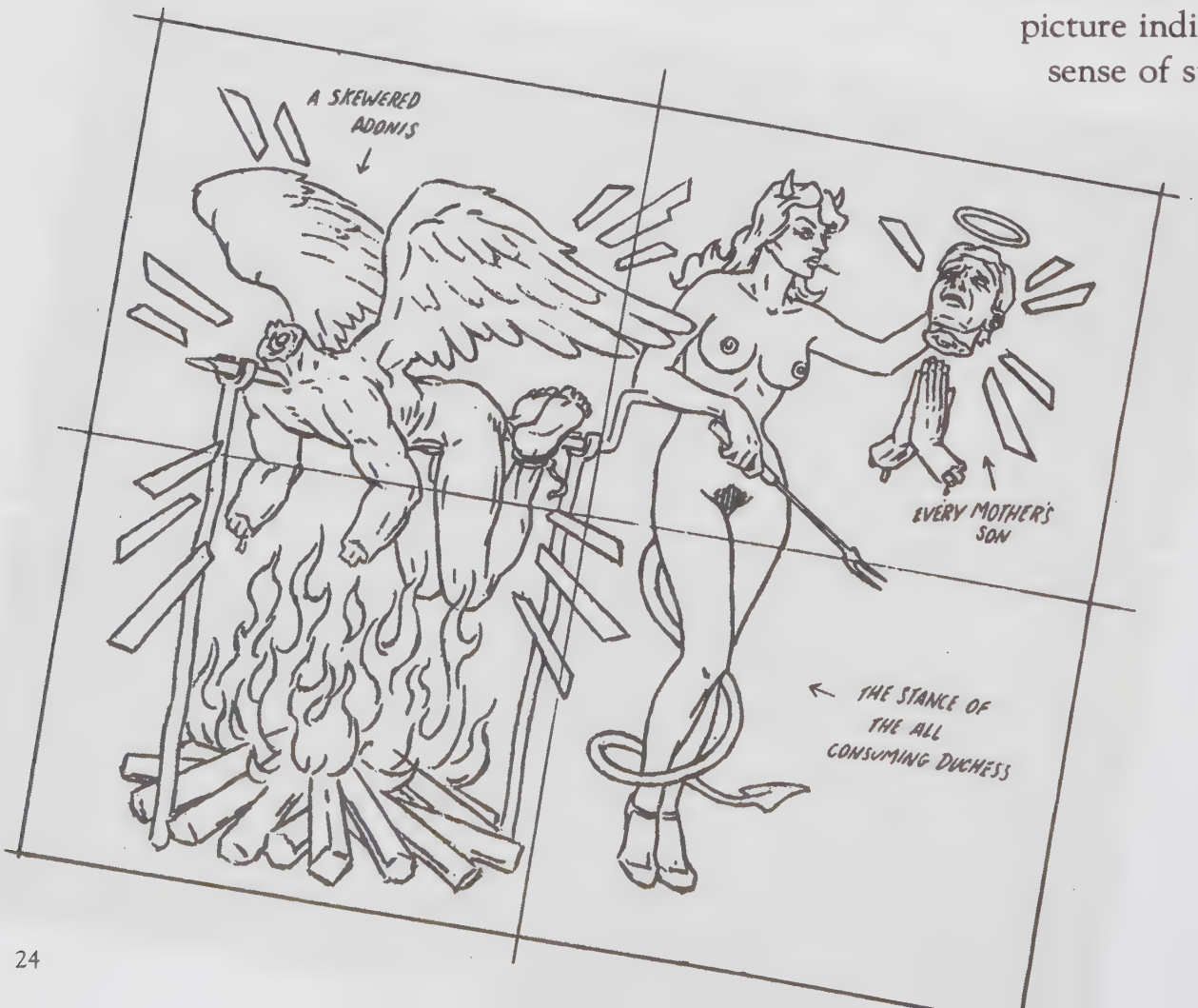
The Devil's Daughter Alleviates An Angel Of His Martyrdom

Academic Title: In The Hands Of The Daughter Of Darkness

Common Title: Blasphemy Barbeque

The subject here is why lament the tragedy of someone who has already died and now is going to live forever? In this picture, we find all the ingredients which disturb the conscious mind: sex, violence, dismemberment, cannibalism, vanity, and (probably) foul language. This painting was created to upset the onlooker — but a word in its behalf. In 1957, a Wisconsin farmer was found to have killed a number of people, mostly women. He had also robbed many graves. And it was brought to light that he had dismembered and violated the corpses in almost every imaginable manner. He was found innocent of the murders by way of insanity. And although it seemed that the violation of the corpses was considered far worse a crime, by the general public, than the murders themselves, the actual dismemberment was of no legal importance except as evidence of his insanity.

Question: If the devil cooks and eats a captured angel, what happens to the angel's spirit? Does it go back to heaven and turn into another angel? Or what happens if the angel is only half eaten? Even though the dramatic picture indicates a great sense of subconscious



repression, it does fulfill the stalwart character of a deeply religious person. Even in the angel's darkest moment he remains faithful to his ideal. The dark background reveals the artist's personal feeling of loss and formlessness. The artist is asking, "Can the joys of redemption rise above earthly carnal evil?"

Counter observation: The artist is asking for something alright — something like money — as he bilks an unsuspecting collector out of hard cash for this sick biblical interpretation. Here once again, the artist is subconsciously wearing lipstick and high heels and roasting his father! There is no doubt that these paintings would be very distressing to the artist's father as each picture subconsciously revolts against authority figures in the artist's childhood. Enough about the sad artist — let's examine the pap he's left us with. To begin with, this painting is an attack on the personal beliefs of the good people in our society. Secondly, it uses sex and mayhem to make money at the cost of decent ideals. And thirdly, it condones the extravagances of a graphic bunko artist at the expense of society's mental health.

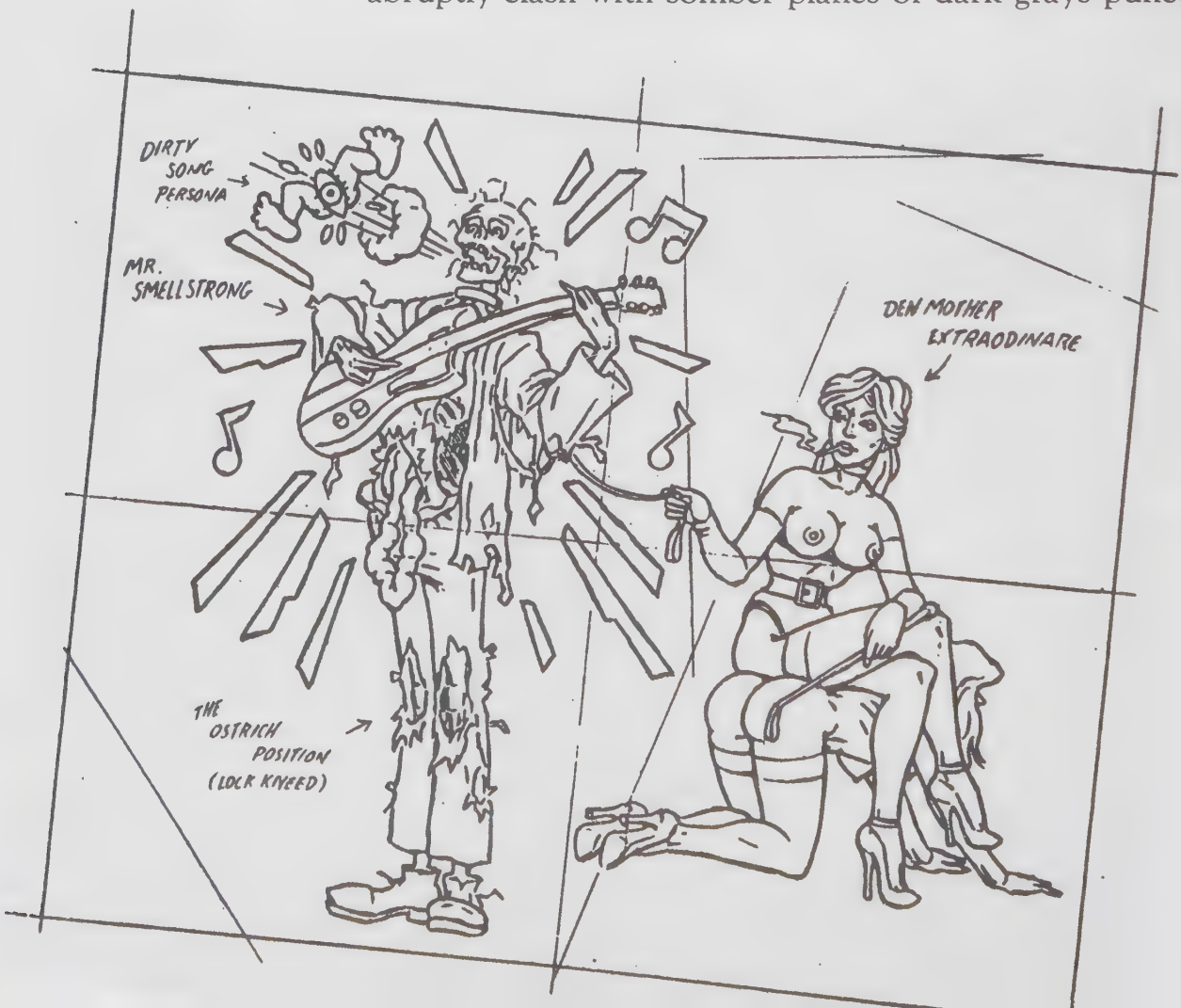
Necrophiliac Serenade

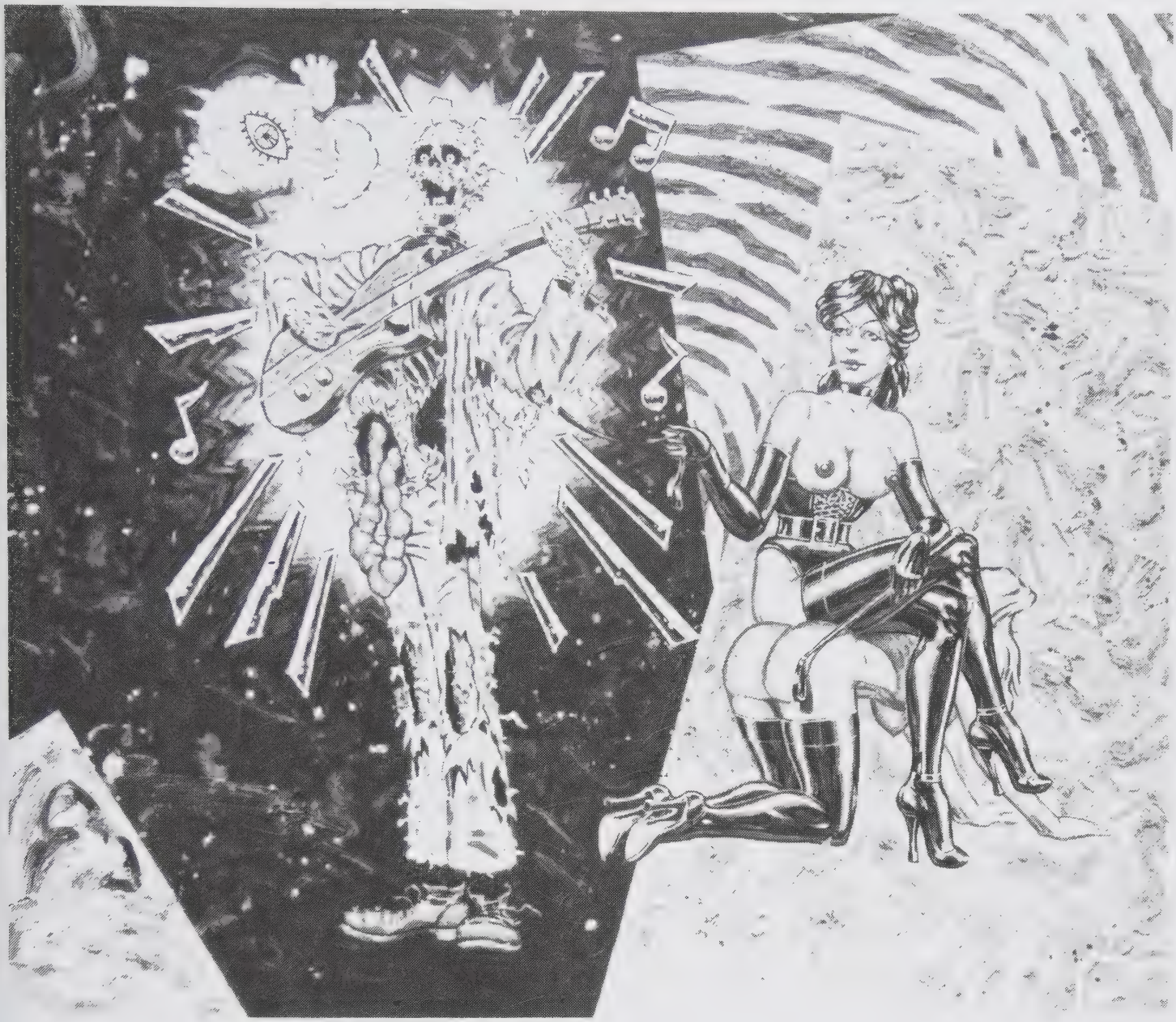
Academic Title: A Damned Soul Singing An Ode In Praise Of Bearded Clams

Common Title: The Putrid Musician

For the first time the namesake of the series of paintings makes his appearance — the zombie. Now, with our usual elements of sex and mayhem, we have death. Other features include rock 'n roll music and bondage. The implied evil of rock music is clear, as the dead singer sings at the whim of a black-clad dominatrix. Rock 'n roll has always been considered evil, except when it was first called 'Bop.' Bop music was always deemed harmless up until disc jockey Alan Freed gave it the name of Rock'n Roll in the mid '50s. And now of course music, like art, is created for the many strange tastes of the beholder.

An upbeat view: As in many cases, things aren't as they seem. What appears to be an obsession with death, is in reality, a celebration of the senses and an appreciation of life. This painting extols warmth and loving with subconscious whispers from its composition. Bright greens and purples dance against each other, spreading joy as they abruptly clash with somber planes of dark grays punctuated





strongly and confidently with bold brush strokes. The artist's sensitivities are reflected in his use of blues in the zebra skin panel that tends to bring the viewer back around the top of the painting. Consciously or subconsciously, the work is a tour de force.

And then again: This painting is like the song projected from the singer and like most rock music, it means nothing. Again, as with the rest, the painter's male weakness dominates the canvas. A singing cadaver on a leash scaring onlookers — how imaginative! Notice though, for the first time the artist is trying to blame the corruption of his art form (painting) on the corruption of another art form (music). Which one of these characters is the true personality of the artist? I think he's the song!

NUMBER 11

The Seduction

Academic Title: Love In The Food Chain

Common Title: Blue Plate Special

The situation represented in this painting utilizes images of sex and food. Here the cartoon buzzard woos the lovesick nude into a love stupor, while in reality his intentions of cannibalism are expressed through the appearance of a heart on a plate with knife and fork and salt and pepper. The lady in question has swooned her head into the condition of a biomorphic mush to dramitize her emotional state.

Postitive notion: In order to experience the carefree joy of such a souffle, let's discuss the charms involved. First, the colors are just magnificent! Colors like happy purples, gay reds, snappy greens and smart chartreuses. The breathtaking deep blue background is coyly dappled with bright green fun shapes which pop up at random like zany boomerangs through an intoxicated rainbow. With its campy cartoon characters, a wistfully lighthearted mood prevails throughout this opus like the gentle breeze on a lazy summer day.

A reverse diagnosis: Lighthearted! Yes, if 'lighthearted' means psychosomatic disease. No matter whether the material is photographic or a painted cartoon, as this is, it still remains socially unredeeming. In fact, this particular painting is so devoid of purpose that any serious criticism would be wasted. This is too clean to be dirty and too dirty to be clean. The sexual connection with food in this case is a mock neurosis. By looking at the painting's key feature, the melted head, you might think that such an anthropomorphic device would be crawling with deep neurotic meaning; but no, no such luck. Not every shapeless doodle reveals a genius. In this case a blob is simply a blob. The only thing in this picture that hints of an actual subconscious manifestation is the use of a combat boot to mentally insulate the girl from the vulture's kiss — and this is just another indication of the artist's repressed infantile sexuality.

NUMBER 12

The Specter Of Tomorrow Getting What It Can Today

Academic Title: The Futurization Of The Innocent

Common Title: The Cybernetic Pedophile

Here is an example of purposely playing on human anxieties. Portrayed is a scene of impending pedophilian mayhem; the assault on a child by a chrome-plated futuristic creature. These images are predominated by the presence, in the background, of a large twisted and dismembered green female torso superimposed over the final background of black and red planes. This painting meets with great social resistance.

But take heart: Here, as with many of the other paintings, is a more symbolic reaction to thought and fear than a real documentation of an imagined instant. If you can blind yourself to the blood and aggression, you can see the artist's harmless plea to be aware of the coming of the futures's technocratic monster. The force of our own doings depriving us of our sacred innocence in the future. By having a dark void at each end of the painting the artist has shown us that the characters in this 'play' move from one dark age into another — from the past into the future. Maybe the coming joys of adulthood will soon supercede this period of confused transition. And maybe the distressing ol' thing that goes bump in the night, is really opportunity knocking.

From the behaviorist viewpoint: Let's not mince words. The bloody dismembered adult torso in the background and the erect penile recoilless gun between the legs of the attacker mean that this young girl is going to meet with murder after violent sexual assault. The artist, here once again, has tipped his hand and revealed to us yet another psychosomatic problem that he wished to share with us. Here's what I would suggest that the reader not do. Don't place the artist's subconscious self in the person of the little girl, and don't allow yourself the luxury of feeling that the licentious acts that have already taken place in the scenario are justified in the name of progress. The artist is the monster. Also, I would suggest that you keep your 'little ones' away from this artist.

ROBT. WINS

ROBT. WINS

NUMBER 13

Measuring Vanity At The Expense Of A Doomed Admirer

Academic Title: The Science Of Measuring Vanity By Using The Exasperations Of A Suitor Destined To Be Rejected

Common Title: Terminal Puppy Love

Now the melodramatic theme of unrequited love is introduced. The question here is how much actual, measurable grief can this beautiful woman inflict on this poor lovesick admirer — or how much grief can this fool bring upon himself? The suitor's intestinal suffering is shown gauged above with a meter of love.

A happy insight: This is like a flower of love with just two petals: one is "she loves me," the other "she loves me not." We know, of course, our lonely young man has drawn a bad hand; but this isn't the only flower in the glen. Maybe next time Cupid's arrow won't be so cruel. There are three forces in this composition that work for our saddened lover, though. One is the wild animal skin pattern to the right that indicates the coarse nature of a love relationship he may get into if he pushes his affections to hard. The second force is the vagueness of the gray panel behind him. He wishes to move out of boredom and inactivity into the action world of love. Thirdly comes the black void, the mysterious force that holds all of the future's new loves and new tragedies. It's a vastness that whispers "follow your heart."

The retort: The Feminists were right. The woman viewing herself in the mirror in this picture is taking the blame for simply being beautiful and existing. Why should she be cursed with the male's presumption that simply because he desires her, she is obligated to respond? This picture is exactly backward. The artist is the arrogance of the girl, exhibiting again his immature relationship with women. The women who will some way be badly affected by a picture like this are the painting's true headless, gutted victims. Things in life are not always the way we wish we could have them, though for the artist, his domain is a toilet and he tries to reign over it like Napolean, much to the detriment of women.

NUMBER 14

Voyeur Bait For The Peeping Tom Squad

Academic Title: The Reinstitution Of The "Loose Eye Law"

Common Title: Caught Lookin'

Viewer's guilt is the theme for this attention getting canvas. The principal character is an attractive girl with a 1950s smile, who is bent over offering the onlooker a view of her maidenly charms. This image was originally a tattoo design and has become a classic. In dramatic contrast to the girl is her cohort, a symbol of social responsibility and authority, filling half the picture, looking at you, the audience. In fact, this stern futuristic force has caught you viewing the girl. This painting emphasizes the philosophy of the old "loose eye law" which was used extensively in the southern states to discourage black men from openly looking at white women.

A more positive overview: Again we have the checkerboard background that indicates the artist's insecure need for his affairs to be in black or white — no middle ground. Ah, but this time the checkers are in shades of somber blue. This indicates that the artist is a giving and caring soul, and he very much cares how this picture affects others. The forceful and unrelenting authority figure points a hand, not of suspicion but of good will, as he selects you, the kind people, to help him understand himself, for he is the artist trapped in the persona of the Hell Police.

Bone of contention: What the checkerboard pattern really means, is that the artist has won the race—the race to the bank with the check he received for this picture before the purchaser wakes up and realizes he's been 'taken.' Authority figure! Blue checkerboards! Artist's goodwill! Nonsense. The closest thing to the real soul of the artist is the authority figure's nose. It's a slobbering misshapen oozing configuration of sucking and wheezing tubes that does nothing more than attract more aberrates of his own kind. And as far as the strong subconscious spirit of this picture goes, the gesture of the large intimidating pointing finger sums it up — buy this painting or I'll wet the bed!

ROBT. WINTS.

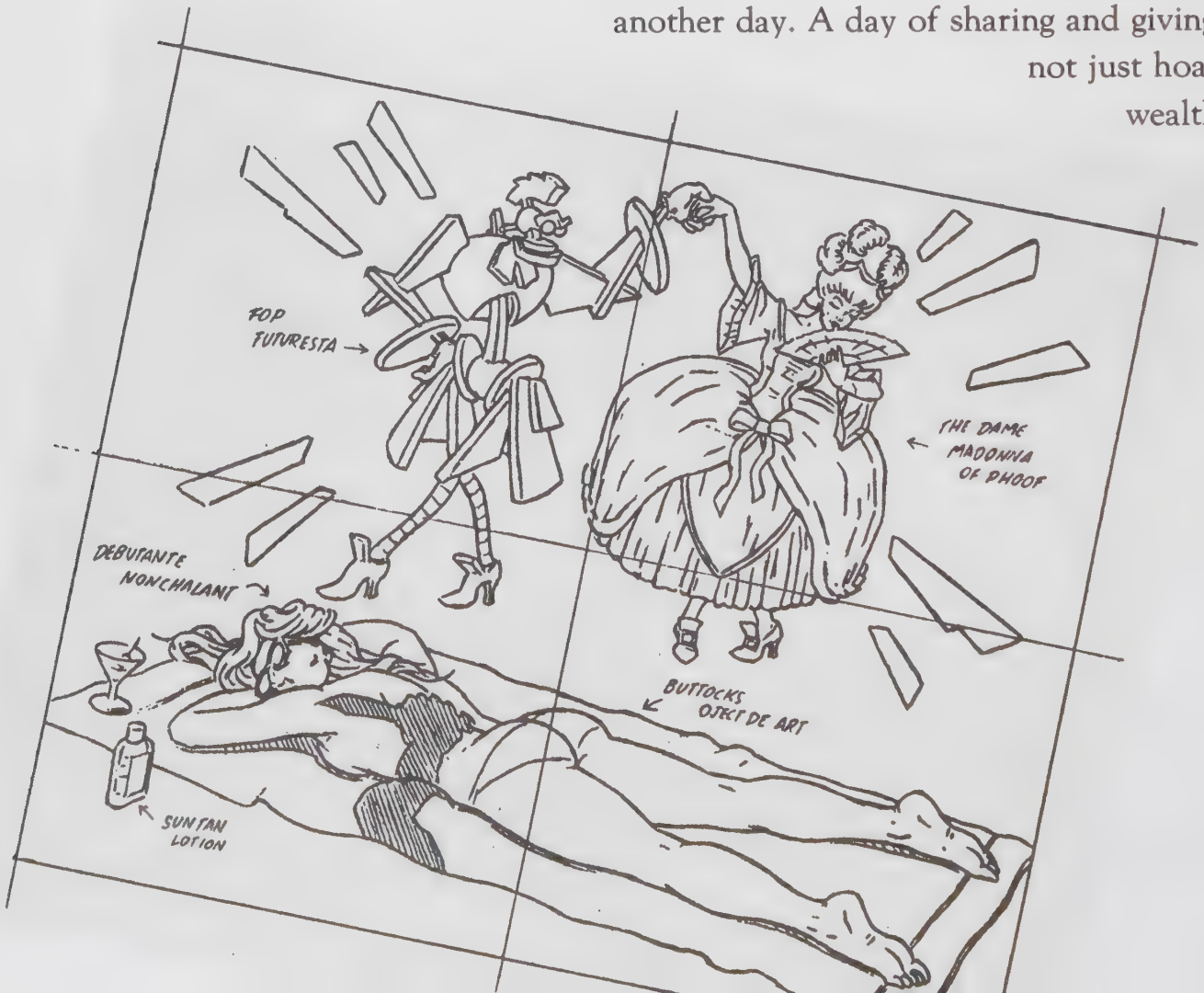
The Future's Betrayal Of The Idle Class

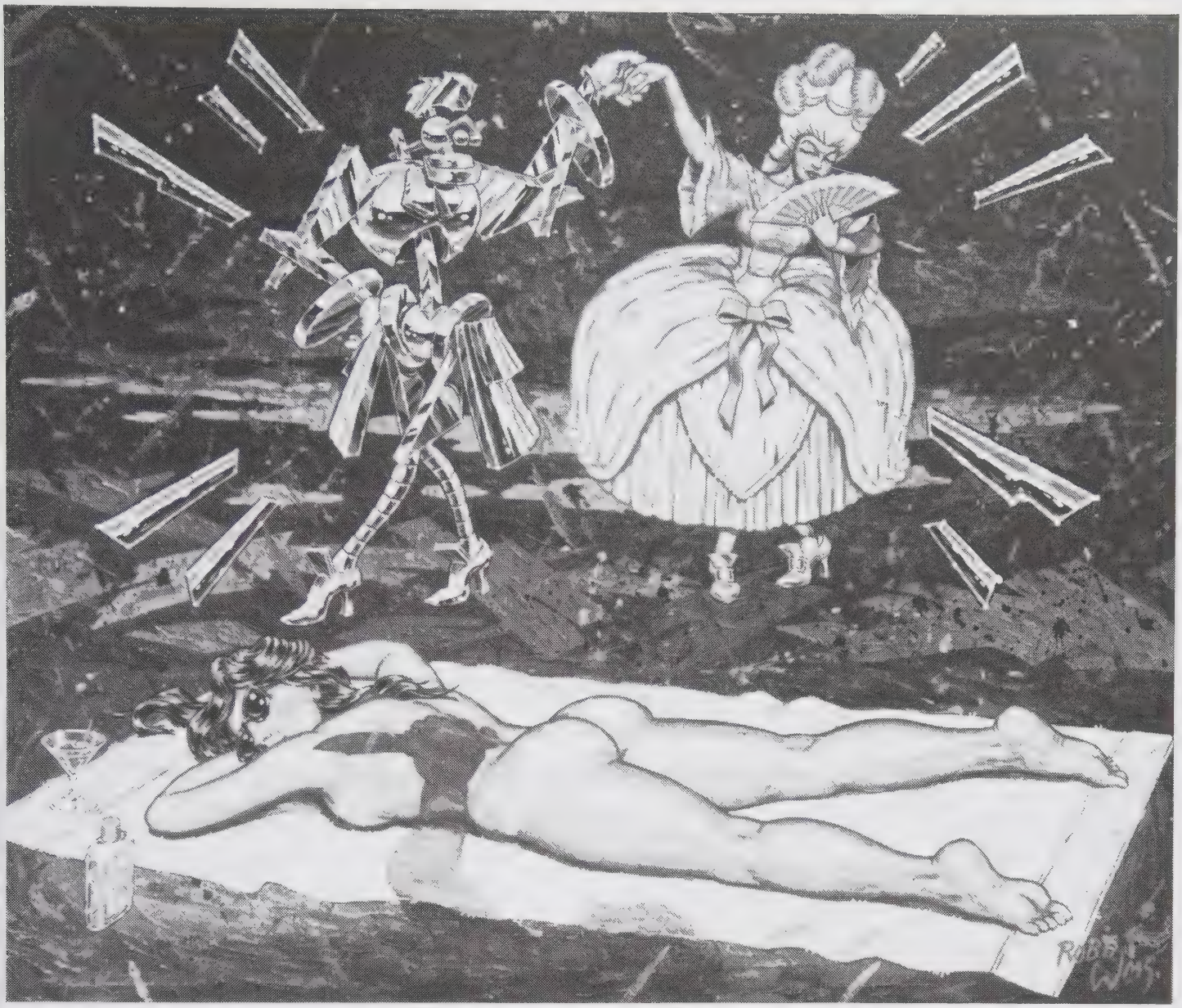
Academic Title: The Technocratic Assassination Of The Privileged Few

Common Title: Avenging Tomorrow's Have-Nots In Advance

"Let them eat cake!" Marie Antoinette really didn't say that, but she might as well have. There is also a story about another super-spoiled nobleman living about the same time. He was so spoiled that when he slept, he required that his servants hold him afloat in a heated pond so he wouldn't be burdened by his own bodyweight. His diet was even more finicky, as he ate only the finest of foods. He soon grew bored of the taste of gourmet delicacies and was left with eating only special flower petals. After he tired of this delicacy, he resorted to eating specially picked Blue Jay tongues. When he became indifferent to this staple he simply died of starvation. This is the attitude that this picture is meant to convey. Here the wealthy playgirl sunbathes in the shadow of jealousy and revenge; behind her dance the visions of opulent romance.

Joyfully speaking: Our grim minuet is really a cheery tarantella of the vivacious colors of a morning sky; reds, oranges, purples, dawning another day. A day of sharing and giving and not just hoarding wealth and





material possessions, but opening one's heart to those who aren't as fortunate as, say, the person who's hand is shadowed in the painting. "But how can she be sunbathing when it's dawn in the background?" you might be asking. Here again we're not speaking figuratively. The artist is poetically furnishing us with information that is, in many cases, not even conscious to himself. The girl's source of light is certainly her own joyous inner-illumination.

Remarks again to the contrary: What is the one characteristic of this picture (and the same as of all of the rest of these paintings)? It's the fact that the woman is in the artist's mind, a thing and not a person. I doubt whether the artist could even be able to conceive of the female as being greedy, possessive and indifferent to the sorrows of others. He just sees her as a thing, preferably a thing from the waist down, not as another human being with troubles and joys; to him she is, to put it more basically, a living buttocks-shrine for him to exercise his unchecked carnal thoughts. And as far as the menacing knife-shadow looming over her, I think this is just another one of his confusions. I don't think he would really know what to do with her if he could get her in any position.

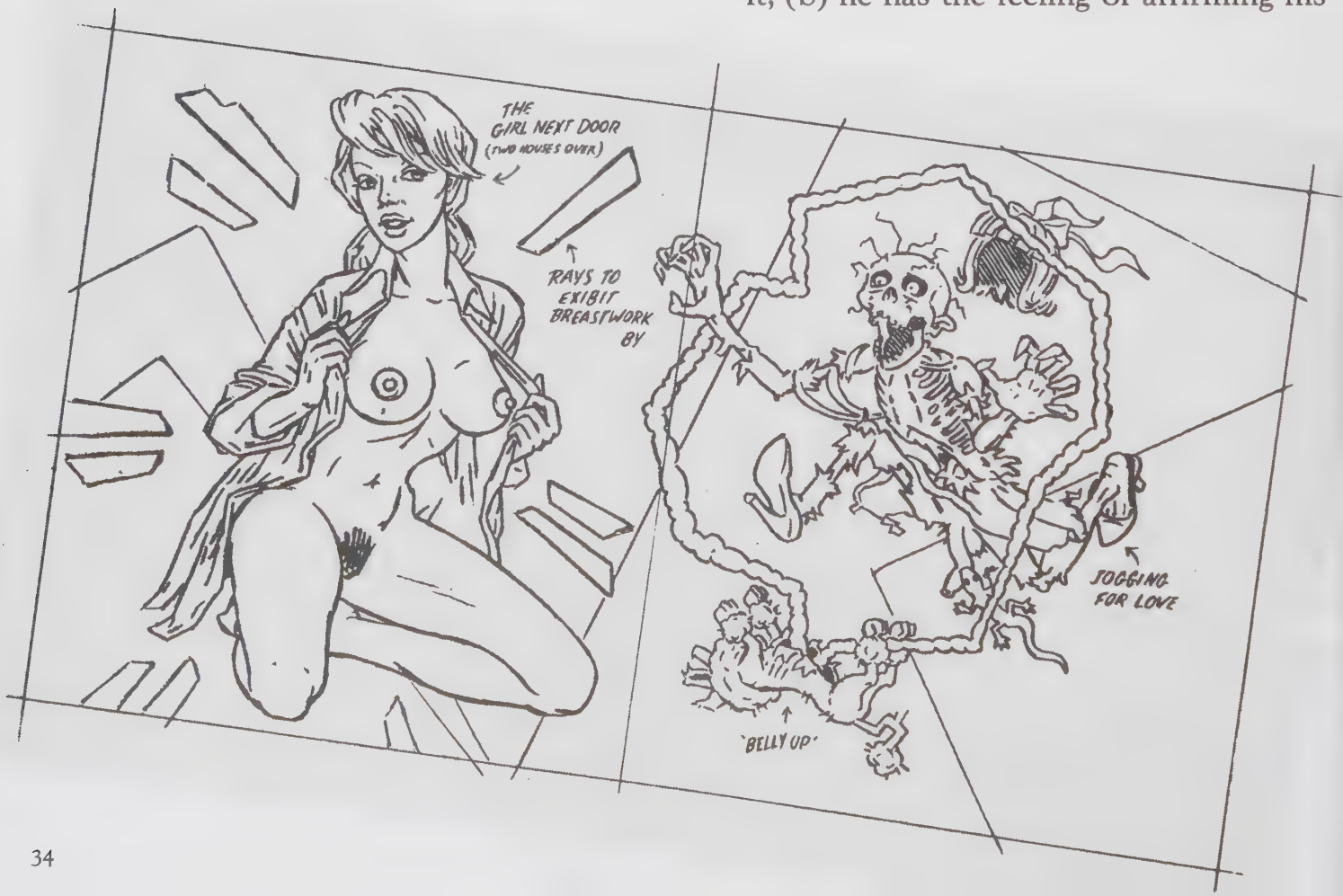
Beauty Inducing An Hermaphrodite Cadaver To Jump Through A Poodle-Gut Hoop

Academic Title: Mistaking The Gift Of A Dead Poodle To Be An Amorous Innuendo

Common Title: Encouraging Smacky-Mouth With A Transvestite Tasmanian Walking Dead

The basic motive for this painting at first glance seems simple — a case of lust after death. But upon closer inspection, it's obvious that the reasoning in this picture is convoluted. The death figure is a male (or at least has male genitalia) and is in female clothing. The female lead in this tableau is the center of attention, both for us, the viewing audience, and the cadaverous co-star in the picture. This canvas is colorfully punctuated with a red and green background.

A more sensitive overview: The artist's happy libido skips a cheerful beat here as he expresses the joys of escaping human sexual repression. The skeletal soul is searching out his dominating feelings. There are three separate things going on here to stimulate feelings in his dead body: (a) his penis is experiencing pain as the blue salamander bites it; (b) he has the feeling of affirming his



male sexuality by wearing female clothes, although this would superficially deny it; and (c) he is enjoying the feeling of being stimulated enough by the girl to willingly jump through the dog-gut hoop to gain her favors. Of course, the mood here is again determined by the positive and negative forces in the background. The sadness of the light greens suggests an overall serenity, while the disobedient hot reds give a spirit of pall mall contrast. This works together with the palm leaf silhouettes to indicate that a platonic friendship is afoot.

I beg your pardon! The truth is that the artist is an erotomaniac. The three prominent features of the 'art' speak for themselves. Number one, the exaggeration of the female breast work (butter bags, I think the artist refers to them as) has signs of classic mammariomania or a late weaner. Number two, the depiction here of a cross-dresser or transvestite; the artist alludes to the character being an hermaphordite but I think the audience can draw their own conclusions. And number three, the matter of the eviscerated dog and the hoop formed from his guts. My friends, our artist, Mr. Williams, is a textbook example of a prime anal retentive. We'll discuss this later as the characteristic makes itself more apparent.

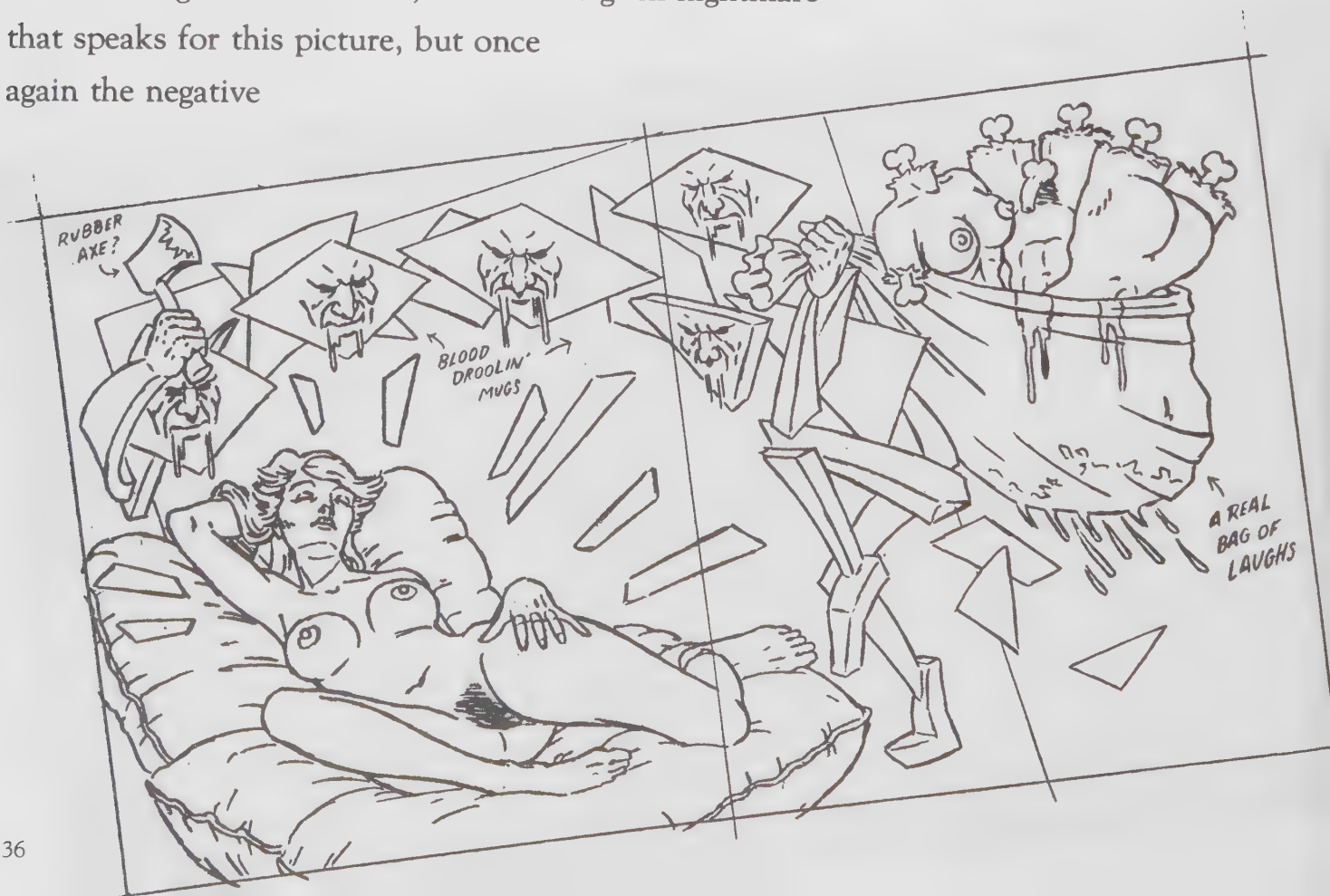
Brutal Awakening

Academic Title: The Harvester Of Torsos Arrives On The Wings Of A Dream

Common Title: The Abdomen Bandit

This painting can be categorized as 'metaphysical snuff art' although it represents a dream sequence and our sleeper has apparently not yet met with harm. This scene elaborates on a sleeping disorder in which the subconscious mind is so active during sleep that sometimes the awakening sleeper (usually a woman) thinks she has actually been raped in her sleep. This disorder has been put to its worst use as testimony in witchcraft trials where the victimized woman in question would testify to having had sex with a certain individual as she slept. This same malady does occur, although rarely, in men. Many people in the past have met with severe corporal punishment by being implicated in the dreams of others. This painting demonstrates a classic moebius dream, one that plays itself over and over again with no normal sequence of time. In other words, the girl that is going to be attacked may have already been murdered and is in the sack.

On a lighter note: Here, it's not the grim nightmare that speaks for this picture, but once again the negative



areas that give expression to the work. The space between the girl and her fragmentary spector are perpendicularly juxtaposed with chrome rays. This indicates that the artist has subconsciously protected her in his own mind with the negative volume between the girl and her adversary. This area is much greater than any other open space in the picture. Also, the horrible sights of the bloody torsos are in reality smiling, happy faces and are the psycho-masks that hide the artist's true inner feelings. The futuristic monster will never strike the girl; for he is the good artist who is full of love, disguising himself in a mode of hate.

Poppycock! This is a portrayed sex crime; psychosymptomatic, yes but still a sex crime. An artist that distinguishes himself by fantasizing serial murders has problems. This kind of 'swill' reveals, among his many other problems, a bad 'Don Juan complex.' The artist simply cannot mentally adjust to normal sexual reactions to women. He has to symbolically murder them to love them, because to him their mere existence is too much of a sexual challenge. This is the kind of guy that needs watching.

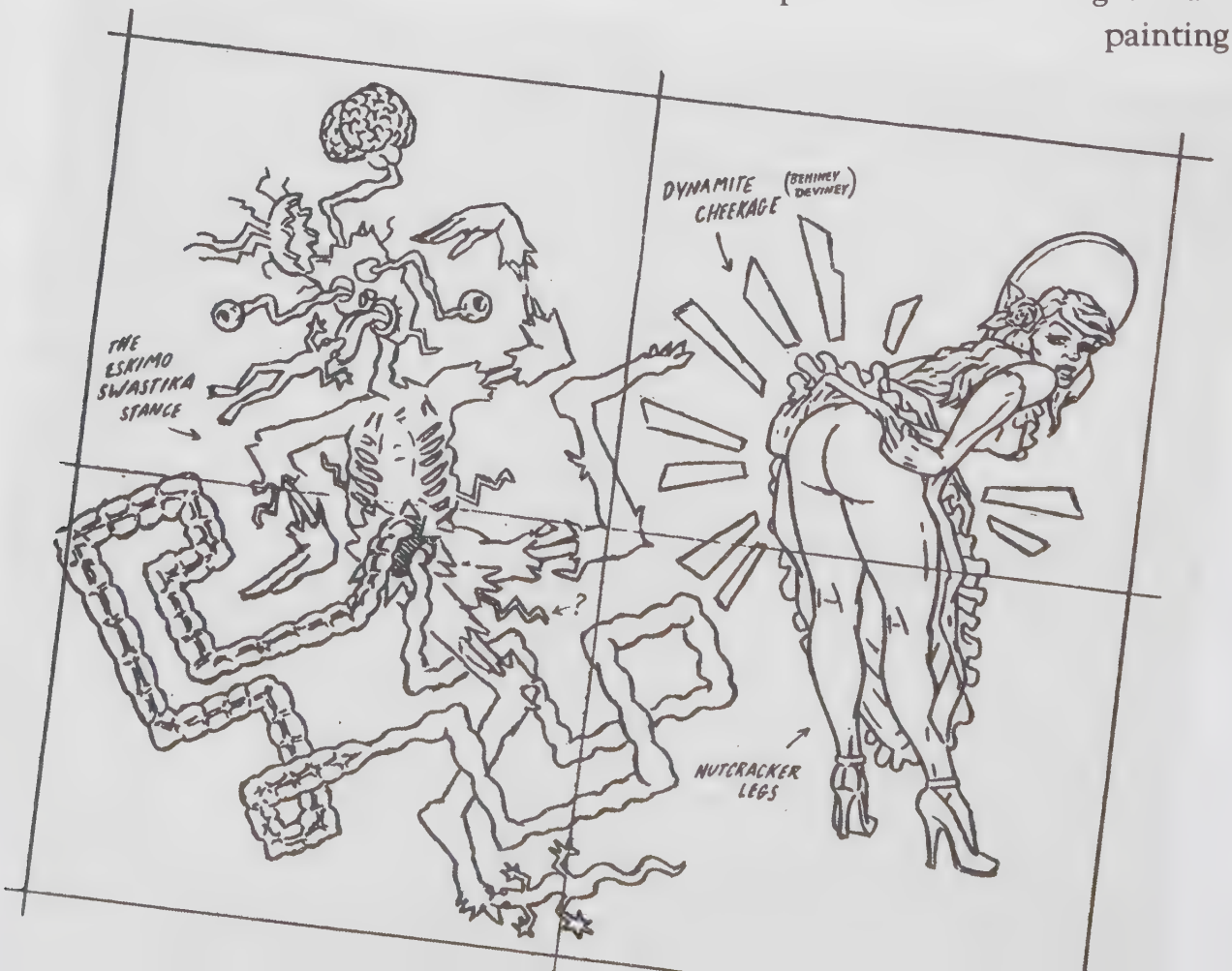
A Star-Crossed Liaison Punctuated By The Display Of Each Other's Best Parts

Academic Title: Pamela Mistakes The Geometric Dance Of Death For The Aztec Mummy Salute

Common Title: Mooning The Dead

Thinly veiled in the theme of mortality, this oil painting emphasizes female buttock-adoration. The term that applies here is 'callipygia,' meaning beautiful buttocks. A callipyge is a woman with beautiful or shapely buttocks. The word is Greek and the Greeks were great admirers of women with such attributes, as were the Romans later, but in a coarser, less esthetic manner. There even existed a Venus callipyge statue which is now in the Naples Museum. Greek women were very proud of these physical qualities and would hold beauty contests to determine which of them excelled in it. This is documented in Greek anthologies, the letters of Alciphron and other ancient authors. Here the artist brings to our attention this female charm.

An understanding glimpse: Mr. Williams is certainly singing us a haunting song here. The harsh contrast between matters of love and vanity, and the world of the dead and decayed seems insignificant compared with the frolicking and dancing composition in the background. This painting is a



struggle of somber purples exploding against vibrant reds, just as it's a conflict between moods and reactions — many shapes and many thought planes torn asunder. Again the artist is asking us to "look at my picture, be my friend!"

Second opinion: Don't kid yourself, this slice of bedlum wasn't designed to make friends —just to make money. Here again, with the exploitation of the female body we have proof that our artist is a hopeless anal retentive. Where does his mind really reside? Almost everything Mr. Williams paints relates to human rear-ends or intestines and functions of the lower digestive tract. Is he preoccupied with toilet habits—namely his own? Was he ever in the armed forces where he would have to conduct his bodily functions in front of others? I think not, for surely this would have broken him of this vulgar self-consciousness. And of course, in this painting the artist once again betrays himself by revealing his oedipus complex; the cadaver is his father and he's killed him once again.

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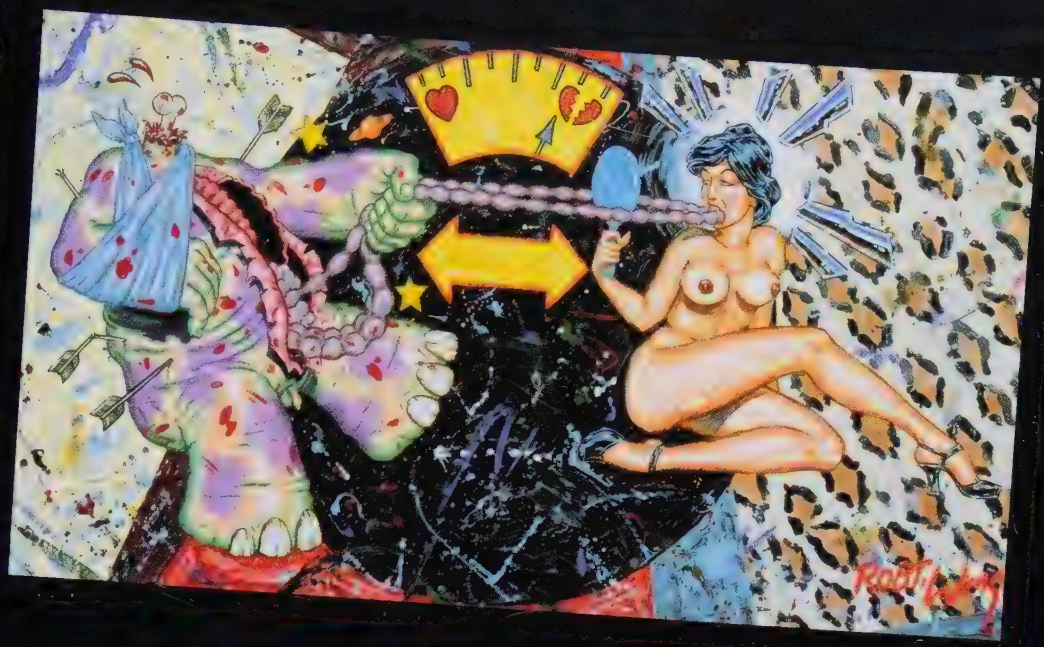

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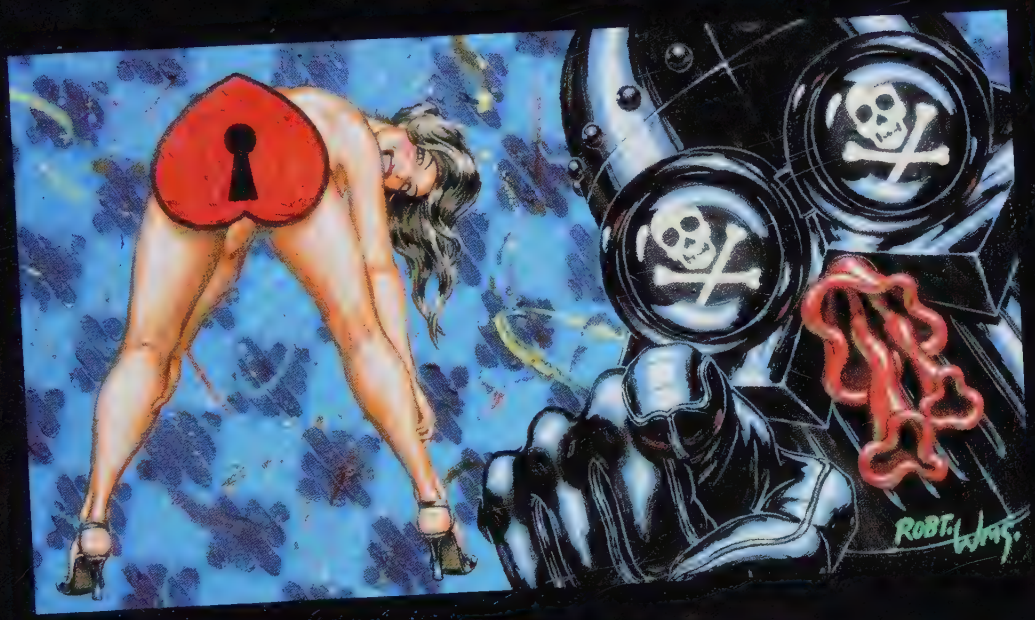

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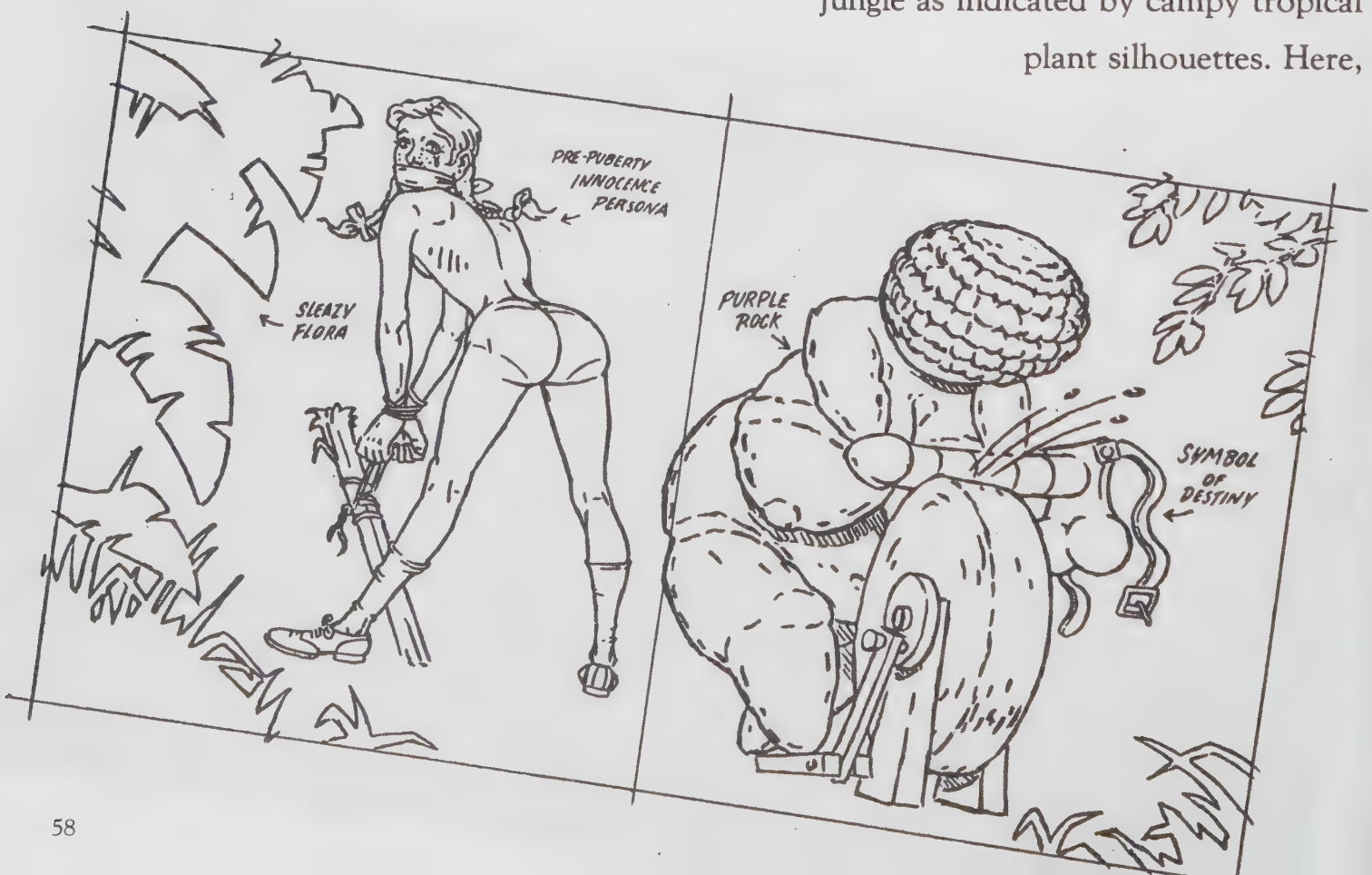
An Archeology Lesson For The Preacher's Daughter

Academic Title: Venus Of Lesbos

Common Title: Bobbiesoxer Deflowered At The Hands Of A Paleolithic Bull Dyke

The artist here adds a provocative notion to the twenty-one thousand year old Cro-Magnon statue of a woman. This statue called the Venus of Willendorf, only a few inches tall, is well known. The small figurine with its over-proportioned breasts, buttocks and stomach has in the eyes of this artist been misjudged as a fertility symbol. Fertility charms are what almost every anthropology textbook credits these curios as (there are other ones besides the Willendorf example). Our artist feels that these little 'Venuses' fulfilled the same function then as *Playboy Magazine* fulfills today — as an emotional release for sexual frustration. That is, unless you think of *Playboy Magazine* as a fertility device. In any event, here our painting deals with this Venus in the guise of a homosexual dominatrix. This touchy subject is portrayed on an interesting graphic pattern.

Pros of the 'Pros and Cons': With this picture we're back in the steamy jungle as indicated by campy tropical plant silhouettes. Here,



like so many of Mr. Williams' other paintings, the truth is obscured by a superficial objective plot; somebody doing something in the foreground. This is of course very clever, but we should know by now that the real painting is the tri-color zig-zag snake pattern in the background. A real achievement! This is the winding road to the artist's very soul. I say tri-color pattern, but there are really four colors making up the weaving shapes. The design's gray, tan and brown are enhanced by a jolly egg-shell blue to illustrate our artist's brilliant virtuosity.

Cons of the 'Pros and Cons': And once again our 'genius' has demonstrated the enormity of his attitude problem — a dyed in the wool anti-social. This picture gives insights into the mind of a latent pedophile, a child molester. And voyeurist interest in female homosexuality. What the artist is trying to portray here, is bunk! The weak link in Mr. Williams' chain is the use of the green and orange banded marital aid, the phallic device in the hands of the stone figure. Our creator's psyche resides in this device. The fellow that painted this picture should be, as I said before, isolated from his art materials and registered with the state.

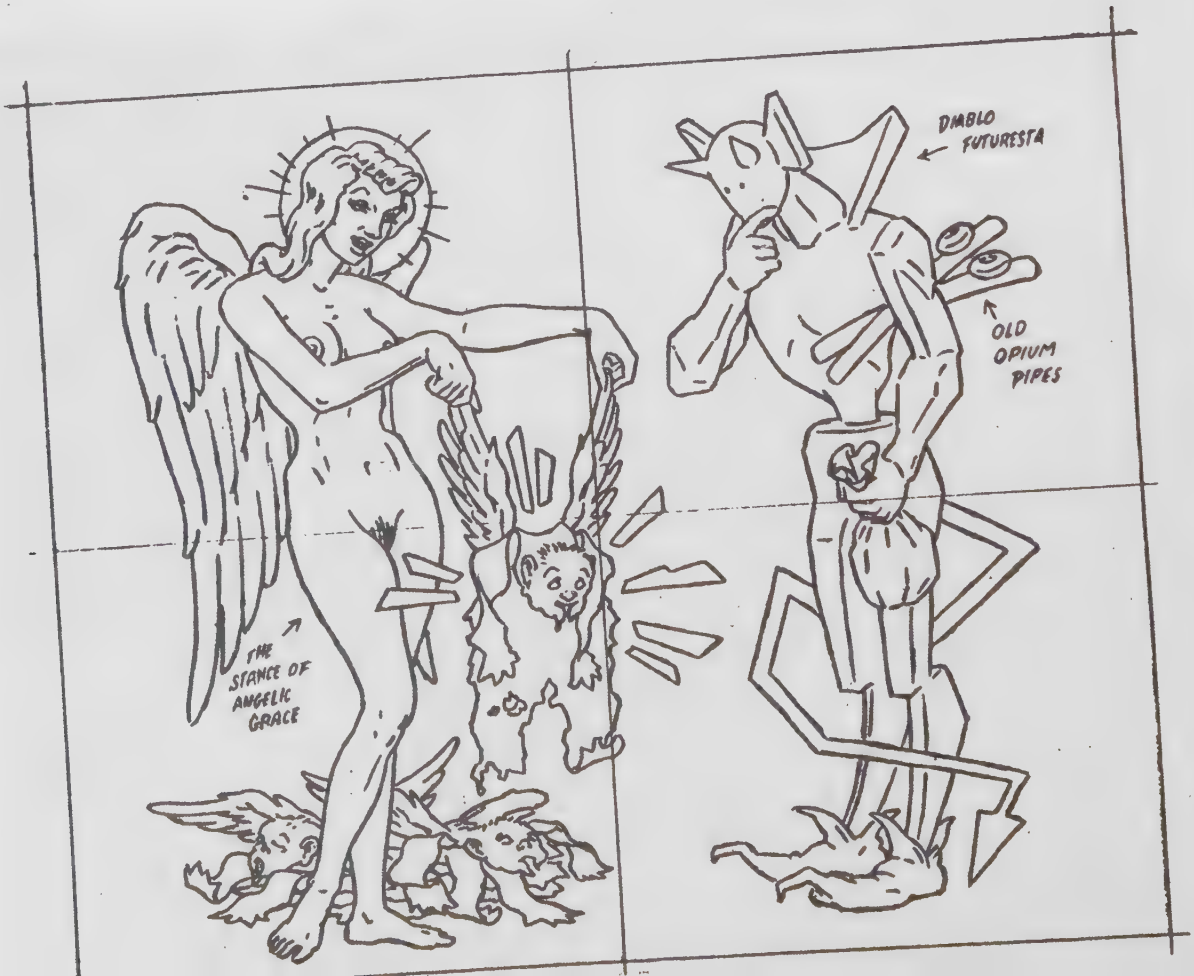
An Archangel Swindles The Devil's Robot Out Of Opium For Badly Tanned Cherub Hides

Academic Title: The Cherub Skinner Exercising Her Privilege Of Preforgiving Sin

Common Title: Cupid's Loinclothes

This is the painting that would make the Renaissance artist Sandro Botticelli turn over in his grave. Painted in the true Botticelli tradition, the religious subject goes a bit astray. Instead of emphasizing the strong contrast between heaven and hell, this work displays their capitulation. The forces of good dealing in evil and the forces of evil being too stupid to do anything but bring about their own failure, hence a sign of innocence. This would be a theological nightmare for a good Christian psychologist to try to unweave. The theme of this picture is simply: good is better at being bad than bad is.

The serendipity view: Yes, the thought of innocent little baby cherubs being dispatched and rendered into hides is distressing; but remember when you first see this painting, I mean come upon it for the first instant, you don't see the picture figuratively. The way you see this work of art is as a sudden pattern of color in a quick fraction of a second. This is the pure unadulterated vision virgin to your eye. This is the way you



should try to train yourself to see art, utilizing the great 'first impression.' Within only half a second or less, your mind's eye is already discerning objects and recognizable shapes, and betraying you with previously learned input. When you look at art too intensely, you pollute it with pre-programmed information — your innocent view is stolen. Try viewing these pictures upside down or through gauze as the artist intended them to be seen. There's a beautiful art world awaiting you, full of flowers and song and so many joys, too numerous to list and you just have to learn to see them!

The no-nonsense view: How about viewing this picture with your head in the sand like an ostrich. That's what you're doing. It's not enough that this artist's psychosymptomatic burden can't be carried by himself but it also has to spill over onto innocent young people around him. The influence of this garbage is detrimental to impressionable young people. Mocking other people's personal beliefs and making light of religion is not suitable material to ever be made public. As I said before the artist is a walking textbook of problematic psychoses.

The Tiki-Headed Albino Monk And His Surrogate Simian Seducer

Academic Title: The Holyman's Absolution Of Earthly Sin Through The Use Of A Mesmerized Ape

Common Title: Statutory Monkey Business

Once again the romance of quasi-voodoo is made apparent. This painting has all the qualifications of a supernatural icon and is a classic metaphysical picture. It features a shaman in a red cloak with a face that matches the faces interlocked in the background glaring back at the observer. And the star of this work is, of course, the young girl who is in the clutches of a walleyed red orangutang. The suggestion of sex is less than subtle and the use of a Christian symbol on the witch doctor makes this painting more provocative than an old pulp magazine cover, of which this picture is most reminiscent.

Positive opinion: As gay as a happy Hawaiian sports shirt, that's the first impression that comes to

mind; however, the undulating green flames do echo a foreboding. Whenever a painting is so obviously trying to move within its design's composition as this is, it unmistakably indicates that our artist is expressing himself from the subconscious. It is for us to learn to decipher these cryptic messages. The signs are primordial and primitive. The artist is calling from the past — the distant past. Here we are getting a call that goes back even farther than we dare speculate. Look into the picture, see the bubbling motion of the boiling prehistoric primatevo. Native greens dancing against impetuous reds. Crescendos of shape crashing against the shore. The artist has inflamed our senses. This is the call of the wild!

Opinion in opposition: There's a term for a painting like this, it's "mixoscopic zoophilia," and it means watching an animal in the act of sex. In this case the situation could also be declared an act of bestiality. Compound this with pedophilia (child molestation), and you get a good idea of what kind of character painted this picture. To say any more about the artist would be repetitious. The time has come to turn our attentions to the artist's accomplices once again — his 'collectors.' What is their frame of mind?

NUMBER 22

The Gender Offenders

Academic Title: The Jackhammer Ms. And Her Prima Ballerina Beau As Seen Through The Wounds Of Social Indignation

Common Title: Mama Hercules And Daddy Fatima

Again we have a scenario about cross-dressing or sexual role changing, an aberration in this case that does not suggest homosexuality. Greek anthologies mention that Hercules was required to wear women's clothing, spin wool and take on all other female duties while Queen Omphale contented herself with dressing like the masculine Hercules and brandishing his club in court. A more recent example of transvestite heroica is the case of movie director-producer Edward Wood, who made the movie *Glen or Glenda*. He admitted in his biography that while in the US Marine Corps during WWII, engaged in the beach landing of Iwo Jima, he was wearing women's panties under his combat uniform.

A more uplifting view: Any time I see pink and green together, I say "Halleluja, here's another happy marriage in the spectrum!" We are gratified to find "slinky little happy wormlets" promenading in a higgly-piggly manner on a broad field of hot pink emphisized by thick impasto. Remember what thick impasto means? That's right, a moody deep introspection and melancholy. With the black planes, our artist has once again opposed gaiety with drama.

The behaviorist view: Granted the green swiggles on pink are catchy, but I'd hardly give it any intellectual merit, and I'll give the transvestite theme the benefit of the doubt and assume that it isn't a homosexual innuendo; but there's still the matter of the bloody stumps that encircle this picture. The artist could resort to ruder subject matter than this, but he would then of course be obviously pandering to filthy-minded people. By stopping short of rendering bodily waste (and the like), the artist has convinced himself that he's still subtle.

NUMBER 23

The Attraction of Opposites

Academic Title: Consummating A Tempestuous Relationship With A Seducer That Has Been Less Than Adequately Marinated

Common Title: Swapping Spit With The Dead

The necrophilic allegory par excellence! The diametrically opposed: life and death, beauty and ugliness, male and female, dominance and subordinance. This picture demonstrates the act of making love with the dead — not a pleasant thought, but a thought that is designed to instill shock. Courts and juries are usually so upset by perversion of this kind that material dealing with such acts always remains confidential, never reaching the public, but stories of mortuaries used as necrophilic brothels do come to light. Some instances of prostitutes being paid to play dead for such perverts when real corpses are not available, have also been reported. This painting is fortunately created with a different view and our theme deals with the subject as a symbol of opposites.

An even more optimistic view: How many different shades of brown can you count in that background? I count eighty-three. Sixty-two on the red side and twenty-one on the blue side. Notice that there's no yellow browns (ochres). Red against blue again; that old turmoil, hot against cold; the rational mind against the subconscious mind; yin and yang. Of course, ochre spatters do cover the picture, but they are the reaction, not the intention. What did you see on you first impression? That's right, colors in opposition. The artist is talking to us. What is he saying? That's right, "See my picture, be my friend!"

Again to the contrary: This is the most depressing picture I've ever seen. There is a branch of pornography that's referred to as coprolalia, or poison pen mail, where the writer does his best to upset the reader with lurid, sick and vulgar remarks. This, the graphic equivalent, is psychotic art to upset and attack the poor viewer. This is just like hitting someone, or otherwise bringing harm to them.

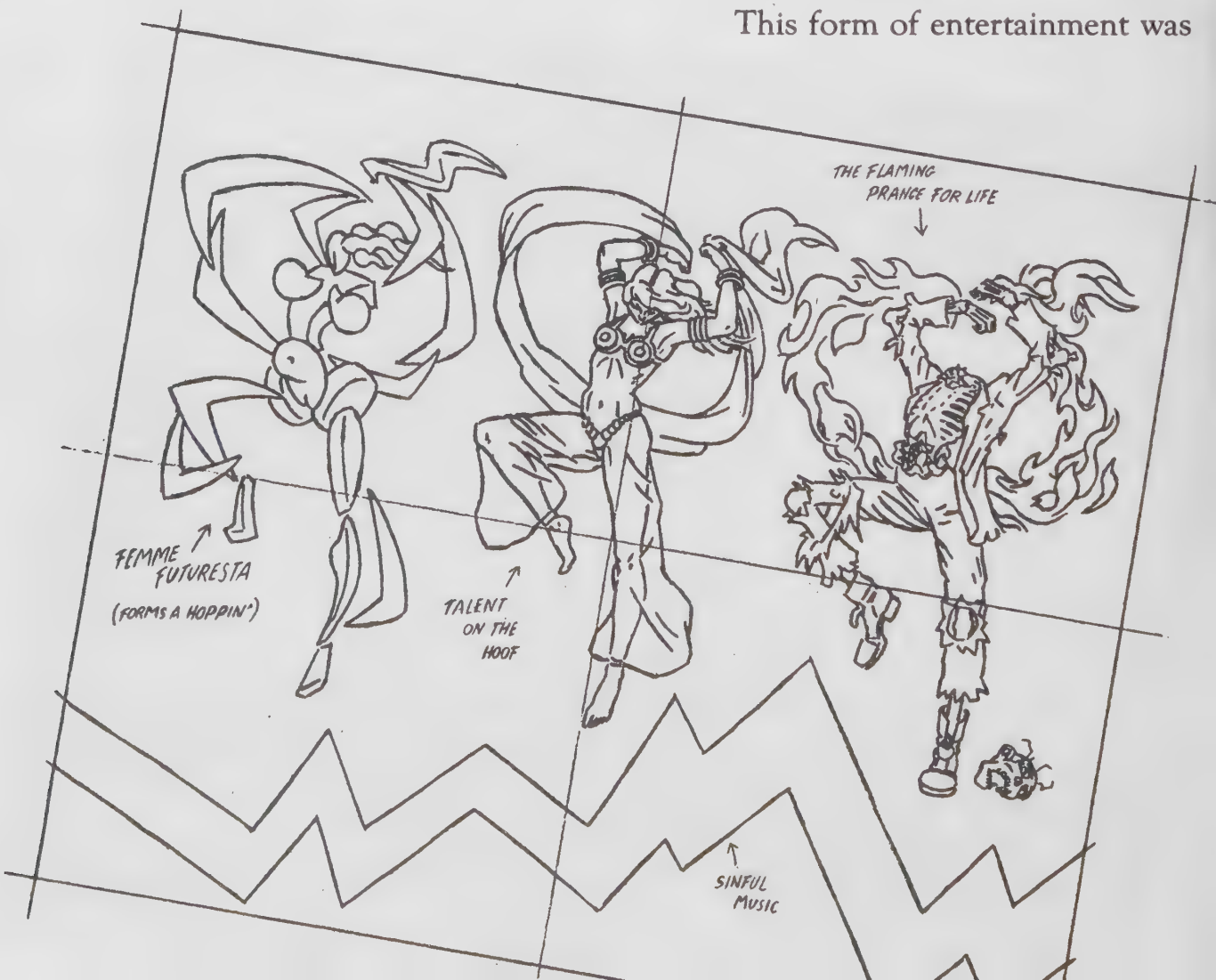
ROBT. WMS.

Salome Being Mocked By Personifications Of The Future And The Past

Academic Title: Three Interpretations Of The Dance Of The Unrepentent Concubine

Common Title: The Harem Cake Walk

Bumps and grinds characterize the 'danse du ventre,' or the dance of the sinful adventuress. With this idealistic portrait of the oriental dancing girl, who was the image of Salome, the classic belly dancer whom the beautiful spy Mata Hari emulated, we created a vision for a dance theme which invokes old romance. The power of this image of a concubine, in Islamic religion, was one of the motivating factors which aided in the conquest of the Middle East and Mediterranean for nine hundred years. Moslem warriors were always fortfied with the belief that the reward for dying in battle with a sword in their hand would be the eternal possession of nine dark-eyed beauties. This painting illustrates one of these women. These angels of pleasure were called Houris. To the occidental world they're the personification of the houchie-couchie dancer, or couchie-couchie dancer as she was called in the late 19th century. This form of entertainment was



synonymous with prostitution in the Victorian period. Here, the dancer is accompanied by Death and the Chrome Futuresta.

A more sympathetic view: "Happy I am, happy I am," sing the musical notes! But wait, our subconscious colors are red, black and yellow. Oh no! These are the colors of a coral snake. Another snake that is non-poisonous has the same colors, but in a different sequence. What's that old saying? "Black next to yellow kills a fellow — red next to black friend of Jack." Would something like that be so ingrained in the artist's psyche that it would apply here? Yes, most definitely. The artist has placed yellow musical notes on a black background and the red areas are isolated in black as well. This is a warning — black is next to yellow! But what warning? The artist is telling you not to take this picture literally; enjoy it from a distance.

A more literal view: This painting, compared to the rest, is a relief. We're only burdened with the image of a decaying dancer whose head has fallen off. This we even calmly take for granted after being conditioned by the vulgarity of the other paintings — a sad commentary. However, the artist still reveals himself in his usual roles: in his subconscious he's the girl; the zombie is still his father, who he murders once again; and the chrome figure is his egotistic pretension — yawn!

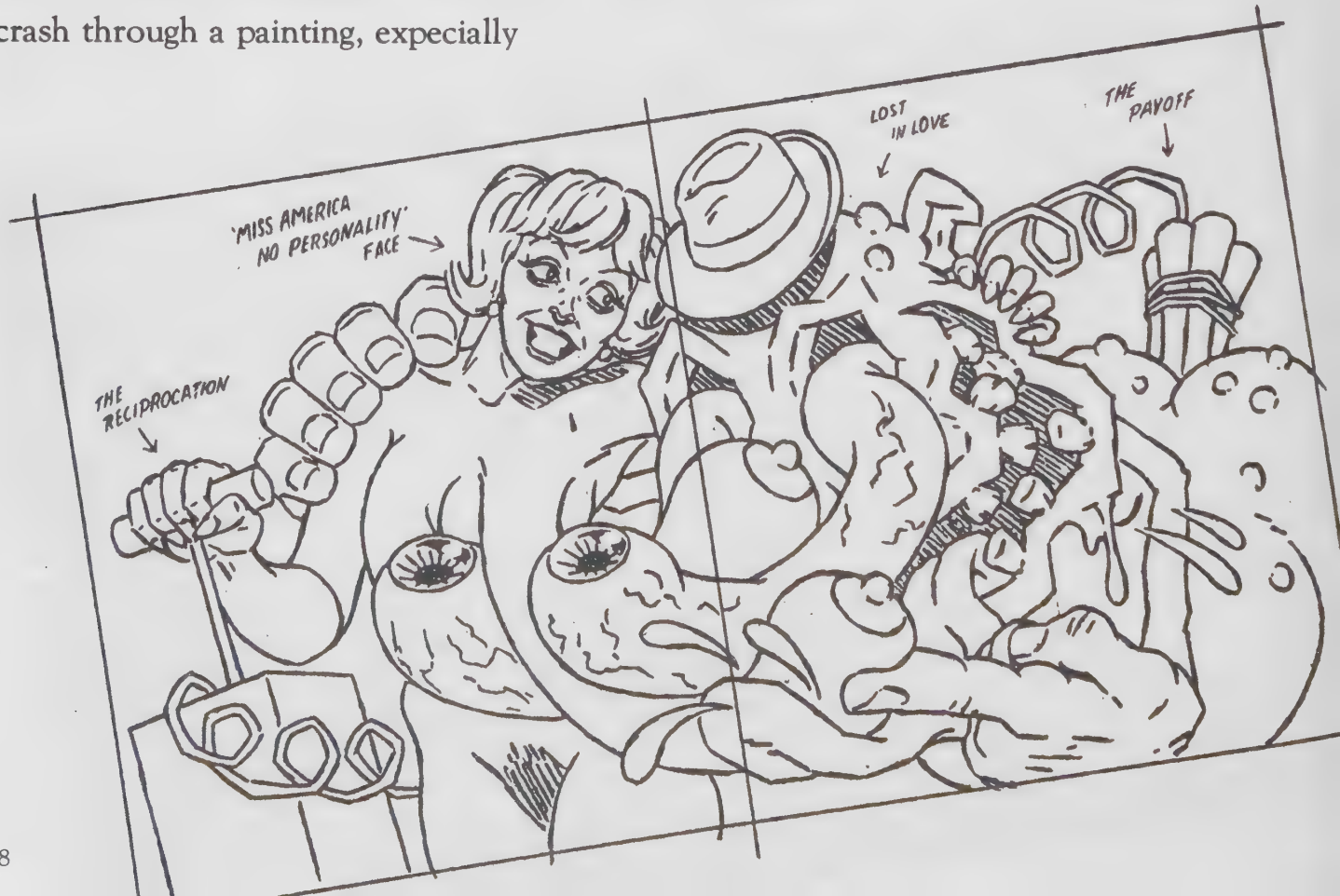
Mr. 'Too Much Too Soon' Fatally Intoxicates Himself With An Unbridled Excessibility Of Hot Cleavage

Academic Title: The Ingratiator Violating A 'No Touch Agreement' In A Mood Of Infantile Regression

Common Title: Requiem For A Tit-Man

Here preached is the philosophy 'from womb to tomb man is unweanable.' This picture features pendulous female breasts and male human eyeballs having remarkably the same morphology, this allowing them to interweave and form an interlaced spectacle. Her nipples and areolas compare well with his pupils. All seems cozy, until one notices that she has her hand on a detonator connected to several sticks of explosives which have been placed, apparently unnoticed, in his posterior. The theme of unrequited love is again illustrated here.

Comments about the grace of this design: "Step lively!" says the background. The energy generated from these serrated convolutions extends far beyond the actual territory of this picture. Jumping and dancing along from right to left, nothing can impede the power of parabolic zig-zags once they've been allowed to crash through a painting, expecially



when they're red on yellow! How do I know that they're red on yellow when in this case they look like yellow on red? The answer is easy. Red is closer to us in the color spectrum than yellow even though it looks farther away. "But," you say, "yellow is brighter, therefore hotter, and must advance above the duller color." You think this because you've been trained to see three-dimensionally. The modern artist can control his sensitivities, and perceive graphic images in their honest, two-dimensional form. In this case, Mr. Williams has done this subconsciously.

Counter remarks: I doubt whether Mr. Williams could subconsciously tell black from white unless one had a tanned pantyline and the other was dead with its guts hanging out. Let's be so naive as to actually discuss the things in the foreground for a moment. First of all, our prima donna is an insatiable mammariomanic. The sight of women's breasts affects the artist so extensively that I wouldn't be surprised if he were subject to premature and uncontrollable ejaculation. Our problem is that the artist thinks that the rest of the world possesses his malady and he wishes to share this eroticism with others. Once again we have his demeaning use of women and his anal fixation.

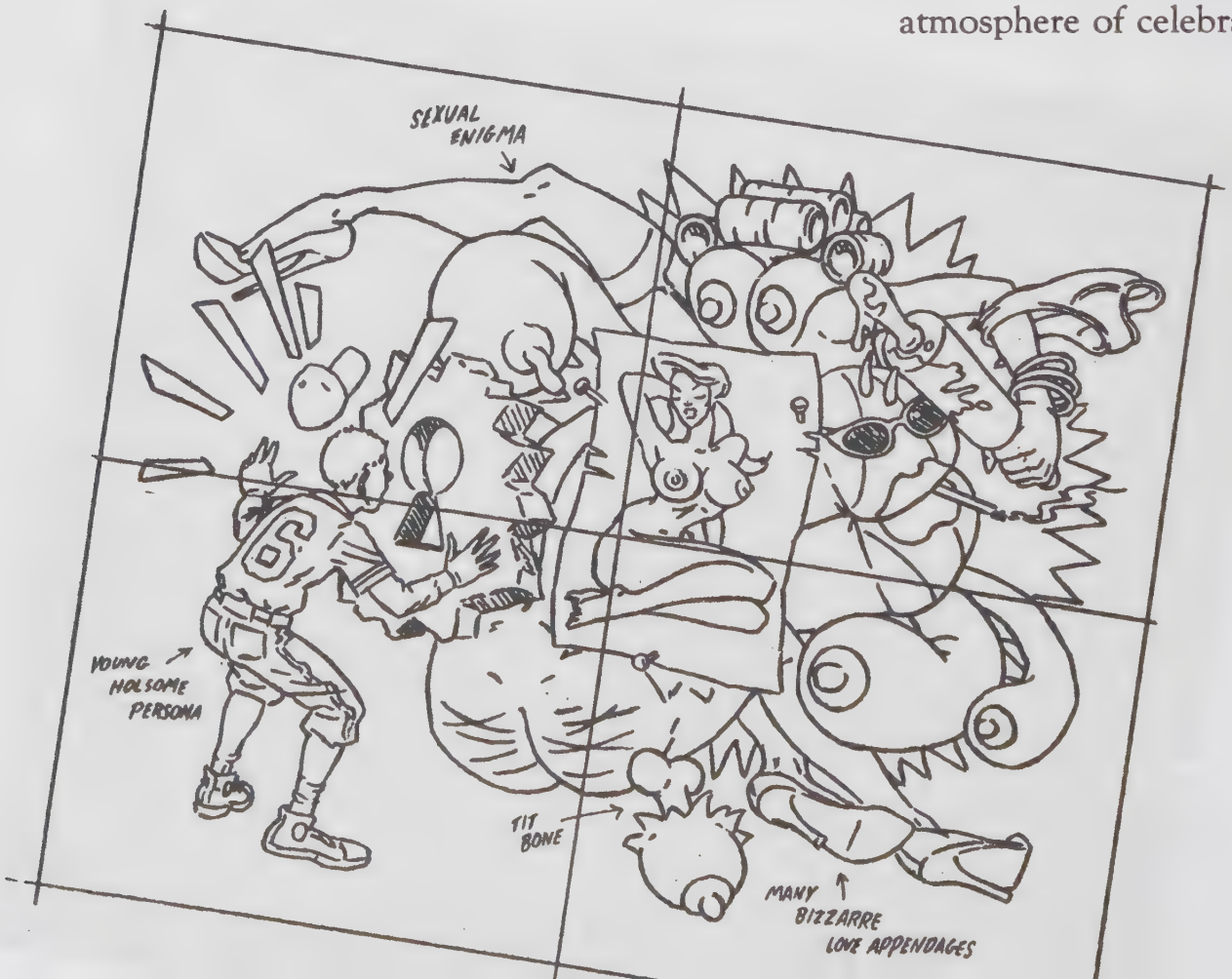
Juvenile Shame At The Expense Of Womankind

Academic Title: Spoiling Childhood With A Revelation Which Is Inevitably Going To Be A Preoccupation

Common Title: Pus Flavored Cheesecake

This disturbing opus illustrates the first steps towards adulthood and the perplexing sexual enigmas that young people have to reconcile in their minds in order to become part of that grown-up world. A young person (a boy in this case) peeks through the keyhole, a symbolic window of his puberty, and sees imagined sexual horrors and rumored monsters that have been passed on to him through locker room and pool hall influence. Armored with only a thin film of moral indoctrination, our young man enters his future. This painting forcefully faces up to sexual anxieties and has consequently upset many people, especially women. A work of this nature is condemned by many art dilettantes as "simple fetish and should be confined to the private lairs of those so inclined."

Upbeat view: Inflamed pink and imposing dark green — the German expressionist colors. The warm pink is the hue of intimacy and feeling, the dark viridian the shade of distant foreboding, but when they are put together — wow! Two negatives will make a positive; just like two remorseful souls sharing each other's tragedies and sorrows and consequently causing an atmosphere of celebration



and joy. But here, more importantly, it's shape that dictates, more than color. The artist is coercing us with strong tremors of vaccilating form; undulating ribbons of motion move us not into obvious subject matter but into a non-reciprocating two-dimensional vortex. Mr. Williams is trying to pull us to him — close to his heart. He's saying, "Let us hold hands and experience the affirmation of man."

An opinion of contradiction: Affirmation of man! More like the deformation of woman. I have never seen anything in my life as defiling as this to the image of women. I would like to have the artist's mother explain this painting to me in his presence. I think then he might start to experience the embarrassment and humiliation that women feel when they have to see trash like this. To try to explain away the liability of this work with psychology would be a sham. This is the product of a sick person who has no wish to get well — but not like an alcoholic, who can't help himself. This kind of display (I won't say art) is an intentional assault on our moral values.

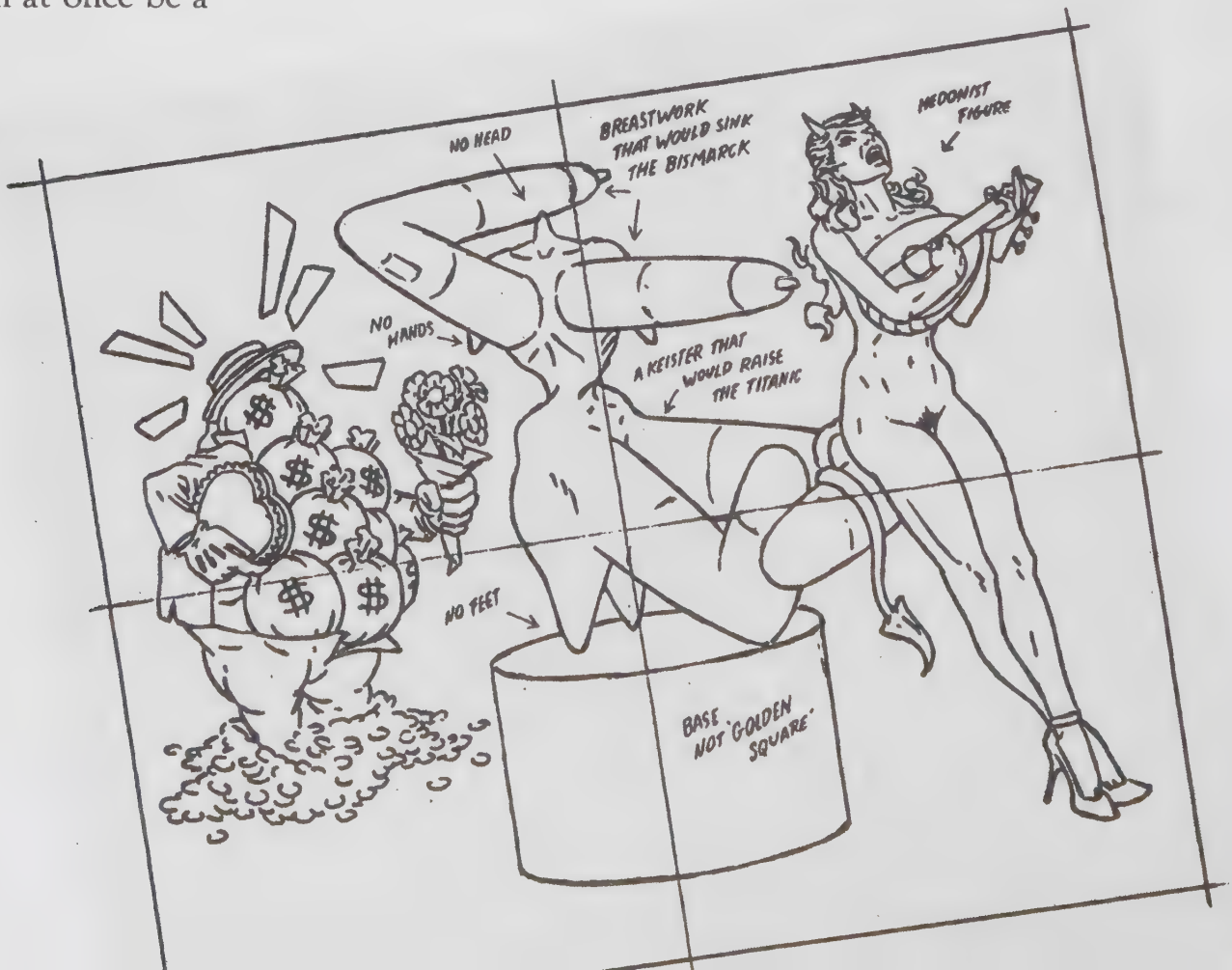
A Fallen Angel's Prologue To The Morality Play 'For Love Or Money'

Academic Title: The Love Serenade Of Parallel Exploitation

Common Title: Penny-Wise And Poontang Foolish

The classic 'sugar daddy' theme. This is a painting that portrays the courtship between currency and pulchritude (or money and beauty) and by means of a lesson brought forth here by the Devil. The Devil is female and apparently in collusion with the Venus of Womanly Beauty whom the bountiful suitor is wooing. "But," do we ask, "who is using who?" There seems indeed to be a reciprocal exploitation. This story stops short of suggesting prostitution and procurance, but not short enough. It barely touches on the dark notion of pessimism which infers that all women, wives included, are essentially whores and all men who indulge women, even with the best Christian intentions, are in reality whore-mongers — a philosophy kindled by paranoid schizophrenics.

The Gestalt opinion: How many colors? How many shapes? How many directions? When a chicken crosses the road, does the road underneath the chicked trail in the other direction? Are the chicken and the road stationary relative to each other, moving separately only in the minds of men? Does the chicken only exist as a reality, as does time, and would all movement of the chicken seen at once be a



continual form transiting the road creating a chicken-shaped corridor cut through time? These are some of the questions posed by this marvelous work. Are the forms in the background diagonals or are they steps? Do they move diagonally? If so do they move up or down? Perhaps they are 'Z' shapes that move in the opposite diagonal direction? Why is the color pattern standardized with purples and then broken up with red? The artist has told us three things; number one, moods move and have no bounds; number two, emotions that one wishes to share with others must announce themselves and get others' attentions; and number three, contrasts are all-important, in that they are the only way to emphasize happiness. Joy is only present when measured against grief.

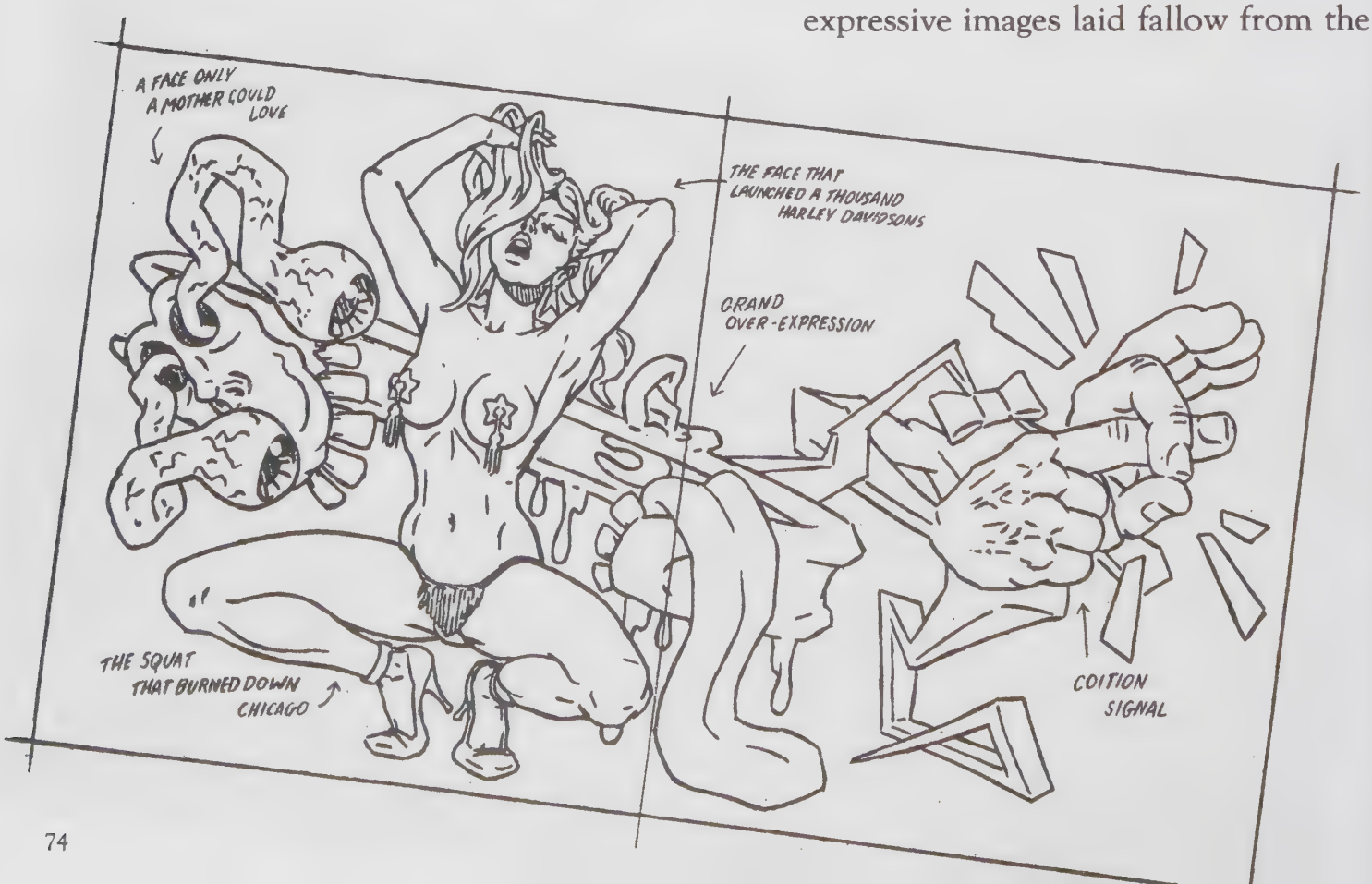
The behaviorist notes: The cowardly and weak-minded view that all women are sluts and that all men who fall into their traps are fools, is what I've come to expect from this artist's work. Mr. Williams always tries to bring a concept down to its cheapest common denominator. Yes, Mr. Williams, we all have anuses and genitals and produce waste through our digestive systems and reproduce sexually with members of the opposite sex. But the rest of us, unlike yourself, don't continually dwell on it and broadcast it like a child who has just found his belly button.

Backstage Johnny Expresses His Darker Urges At The Sight Of A Hot Squat

Academic Title: The Sex Education Professor Reassures Himself Of His Aspirations With Greco-Roman Hand Gestures

Common Title: The Pose That Kills The Schmoes

Represented here is a scene with 'a debaucher and a debauchee.' The 'debauchee,' a woman who has the appearance of a classic 1950s striptease dancer, is a Venus of the Burlesque. Tempestuously joining her, is the 'debaucher,' a character that will take some describing. This kind of quasi-comical creature is both biomorphic and anthropomorphic, and by the exaggerated use of the eyeballs and tongue, can only be classified as 'overexpressive.' It seems that this overexpressive monster has a long and legitimate evolution in graphics with origins apparently in the Surrealist movement of the 1930s where it was picked up and taken to its most eloquent form by the late Boris Artzybasheff. It was lifted from him by the artists of "Mad" comic books, particularly the famous late cartoonist Basil Wolverton. From Wolverton this monster style was picked up in the late 1950s by hotrod artist Ed 'Big Daddy' Roth. Although now enjoying a revival, these over-expressive images laid fallow from the



mid-1960s until just recently. In this painting, our backstage burlesque admirer is personified by this same type of overexpressive characterization.

A word on the more personal meaning: Here we have a chicken who has turned back into an egg when it finished crossing the road. The spiralling background echoes the ancient question, "Which came first, the red and blue zig-zags or the black and white zig-zags?" This field of contrasts cannot be ignored; one must dominate the forces which exist in one's subconscious mind. Flowers and kittens and puppies, although appearing to not possess these forces, actually do use them. We are attracted to these gentle things, because our subconscious nature is their opposite, pregnant with anxious aggression. We love kittens because we hate them.

A matter-of-fact view: Three elements in this picture reveal its decadent make up; number one, the submissive squatting position of the girl; number two, the mouth encircling her; and number three, the obscene hand gesture intended for her. Any one of these factors would keep this painting off the walls of the Vatican. We can interpret the artist's intentions by his three titles which can be combined into one title to sum up his thoughts, "I painted a naughty picture, aren't I smart?"

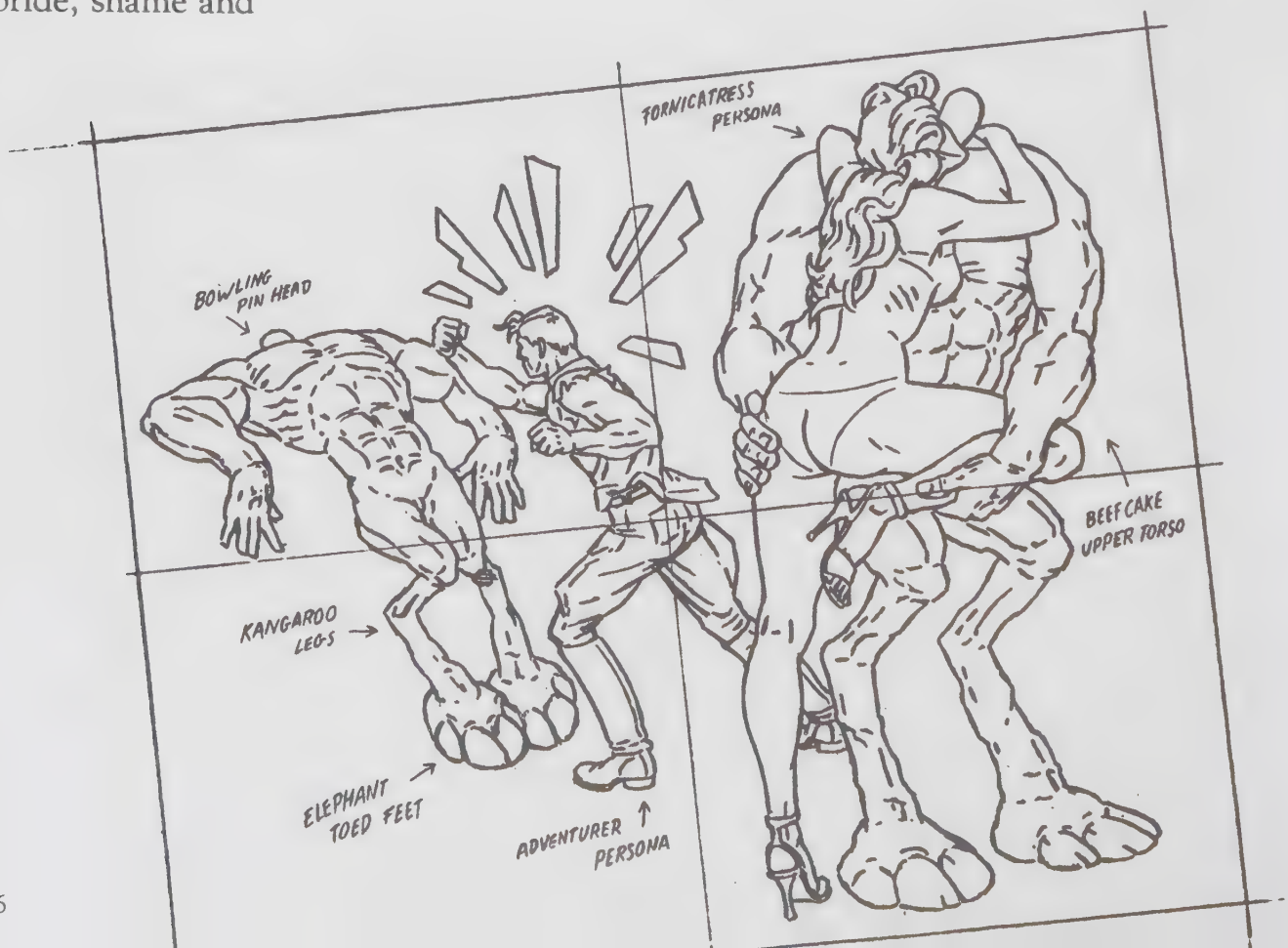
To The Rescue Of A Lost Cause

Academic Title: An Altercation Brought On By The Inability To Emotionally Adjust To A Situation That Is Outside The Realm Of One's Personal Beliefs

Common Title: Adventures In Genetic Jealously

This painting satirizes old racist themes that appeared on the covers of science fiction pulp magazines in the 1930s and '40s. Our hero is protecting the Anglo-Saxon gene pool, while the female lead is giving it away. The genetic interlopers are like locusts; hordes of them flood the picture like ants on sugar. The hero's odds are insurmountable, his problem compounded by his ladyfriend's personal passions and indifference to his cherished ideals. The comparison can be made today with some people's values of right and wrong.

Positive notions: Emotional rivers run through this delightful souffle. Dreamlike ribbons of pink and green (German Expressionist colors again) meander like lazy streams and evoke old lyrics of "row, row, row you boat" — right through the bottom of this picture. This river of dreams is diagonally challenged by the intrusion of fragmented, little white figures on a black field. The colors and shapes in the painting are so diverse that it could be called the Rosetta Stone of the subconscious. Here we can interpret all the emotions of man: joy, happiness, jealousy, greed, self-doubt,
pride, shame and



vanity. Can you guess what characteristic matches which graphic circumstance in this picture? If you guessed joy, happiness and pride in connection with the swiggles throughout the painting, you're right. If you guessed greed, self-doubt, shame and vanity being hidden in the little spill spots that dot this picture, you'd be right again. These artistic touches indicate just how subtle our artist's instincts really are.

Notions of a heavier nature: Subconscious spill spots, paint swiggles? Is the artist's every brush stroke going to constitute the belief that he's a sacred sage unbeknownst to himself? The picture speaks loud and clear. Mr. Williams is obsessed with miscegenation and sex between the races. I'm not saying that he's a bigot — this would be wholesome compared to his twisted interest in interracial sex. This reveals a sexual struggle within the artist with everything challenging his masculinity: women, other men, other races, animals, inanimate objects. The artist, of course, thinks we're like this too, thus he shares this little allegory with us.

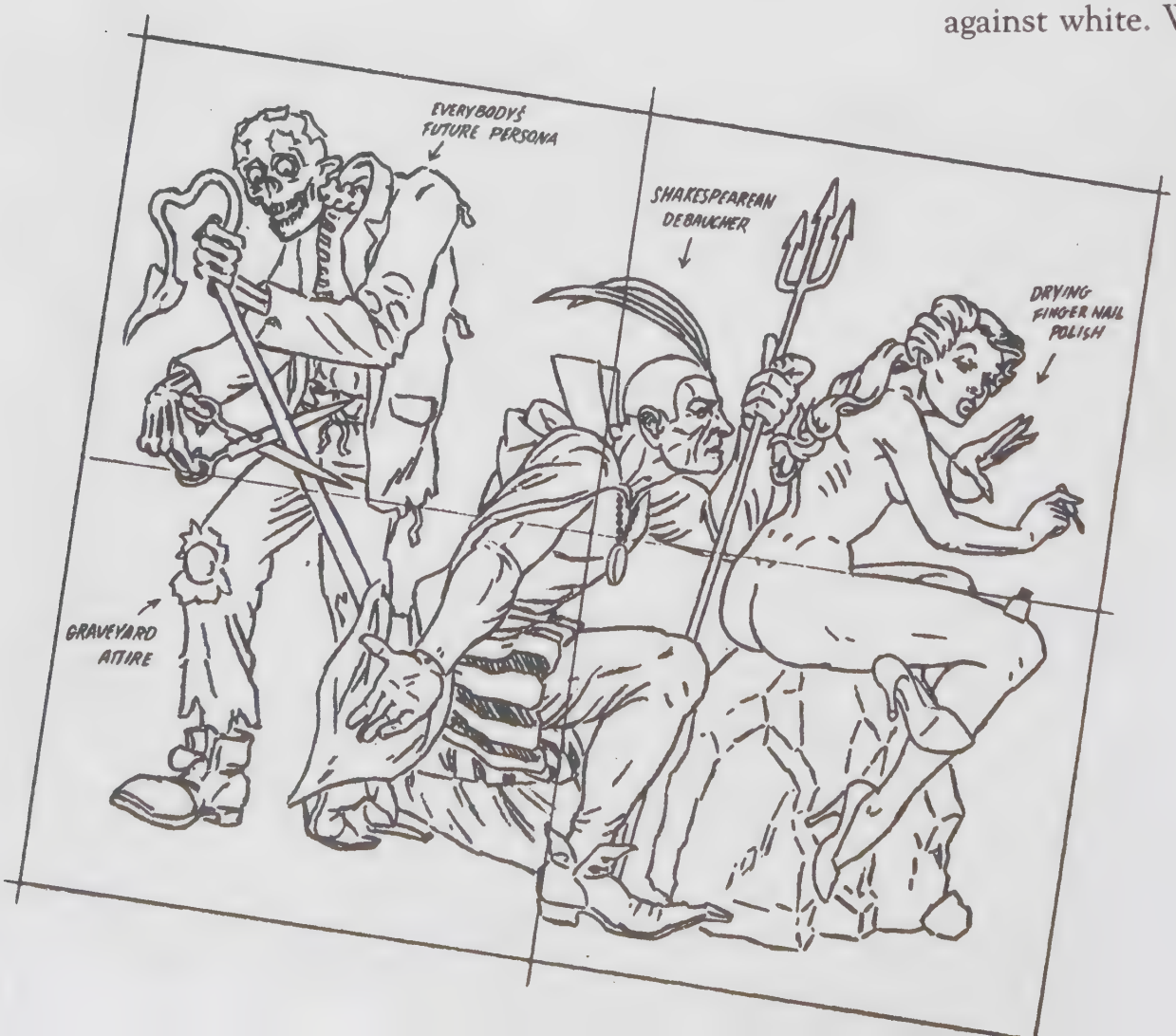
The Devil's Bullshit Is His Own Anesthetic

Academic Title: Satan In The Disguise Of Mephistopheles Unwittingly Using His Tail As Collateral As He Stars In A Scenario He Has So Often Forced Others To Play

Common Title: Cutting The Mush

The Devil again appears, this time in the role of Mephistopheles, from the opera Faust. This is one Devil dressed as another Devil. Here, as in the other paintings, he symbolizes Evil and does not represent the occult worship of the Devil. The character of the Devil dates back to Greek mythology and has some Hebrew references in the Old Testament, but was of no significance until the 5th or 6th century when he became an important product of Christian imaginations. In the Middle Ages he became synonymous with matters of the flesh, whereas matters of the mind were the realm of God. This is the Devil that we have come to understand. The Devil as Antichrist was a natural figurehead for antisocial thinkers. During this century the image of the Devil has become a lighthearted Satan, the embodiment of all that is Evil.

Jubilation: Bang! This canvas is charged with diagonal symbols and expanding convections that contrast black against white. Wave after



wave expands, releasing conflicts flowing up from the id. The libido is free! Notice that this background has perfect symmetry, both from side to side and top to bottom, even though it's a violent explosion. This denotes the artist's dynamic harmony within himself.

A concerned opinion: Here's the artist's 'dynamic harmony' — he's lost in this picture. This time the death symbol, again his father, comes out of the picture unscathed. But the artist, who fancies himself as the sly Devil, is in reality the female figure denying favors, knowing that the Devil is a real jerk. The reason for me to say that the artist is the female in his subconscious, is because only as a female could he sense how sexually inadequate our artist-Devil is. Thus, the Devil becomes in reality the artist's mother, probably the only person to ever reassure him of having a sexuality.

NUMBER 31

The Forensic Hors d'Oeuvre

Academic Title: Only In The Muzzle Of Treachery Can The Dame Sleuth Find The Smoking Gun

Common Title: Cheeks Of Justice

The oral aspect of sex is the theme for this naive tableau. The artist has attempted to stir up the viewer's sense of taste with this image of an endangered cocotte in the mouth of some imaginary beast. For some males this fetish can also be transferred to the opposite sexual role, with the stimulation being created by watching women eat. This picture has, of course, been punctuated with the element of impending violence. The psycho-sexual connection here borders on cannibalism if the onlookers allow themselves to relate to the role of the beast. A picture of this nature is deemed sexist because of the awkwardness required to imagine an equal feminine view — a naked man in the mouth of a giant female beast. By the aggressive nature of this canvas it is obviously a male vision.

A view past the conscious foreground: Here goes; a hot background that transcends vertically from the top and suggests as much heat at its ochre top as it does at its light cream bottom. What does this mean? Well, it means that all emotional changes indicated by color hue and tone are at a stage of full throttle psycho-agitation. What for all intent and purposes should be a very tranquil backdrop, because of its horizontal format, is in fact a stormy sequence of hot yellows. This, enhanced with the violent swiggles that have been slashed across the canvas, makes the artist's many moods as visible as a brightly lit spinning carousel.

A view of the objectively apparent: Just what is going on in this picture? Does the artist want us to think that beauty, sex, murder and death are all synonymous? Does Mr. Williams want women he can't have, killed in some oral ritual? Does he think we all sympathize with his view and along with him see ourselves in the role of the 'mouth'? Mr. Williams is not subconsciously the 'mouth,' nor is he, in this case, the young girl. He is, in his subconscious, the 'hand.' If you have trouble comprehending this, it is because the artist forgot to paint hair in its palm.

NUMBER 32

Indifference In The Face of Athletics

Academic Title: The Embodiment Of Aphrodite Absorbed In Innocent Preoccupation While Unconsciously Hatching Hercules' Face

Common Title: Heroic Apathy

It's been said that the majority of women are much more attracted to male athletic prowess that male intellectual faculties. This may be so, but this painting does not voice that theme. Nonchalant vanity is the cornerstone here. Add to this the motif of ancient Greece and one gets the impression that this is an old situation. Of course I'm sure a lot of women would disagree. The common question is, "Does she like sports?" She doesn't seem to look like the sort that would be attracted to intellectuals either. The tie-in with the girl and the athletic statue is body awareness, but with two different values; hers is self-serving vanity and his is the quest for a wholesome body, and probably a wholesome mind.

An underview: "Have mercy!" says this tumultuous background with its swirling and slicing, swastikated triangles. There's no place safe in that background, for man or beast. Spinning and chopping, but still in perfect geometric order — that says a lot about the artist. He's a fellow who struggles and transgresses, but always has his affairs in order. His colors are just as enigmatic as his shapes. I'm going to jump way ahead of the analyzation and guess that the artist is mentally healthy but needs a pet, maybe something small like a hamster. This, because I can sense his overflow of affection — he needs to share his feelings.

An overview: A hamster, huh? Very touching. I think what Mr. Williams really needs is a vocation that doesn't allow him access to young people. Portraying a woman sitting on the face of an athlete isn't cute; it's cheap and debilitating to young people, especially to girls. To attack sports is to attack the concept of physical and mental health. The nudism and sexual innuendos in this picture undermine decency. Combine this with the lurid and loud background and you have a good portrait of the artist as a confused and groping soul. What kind of private life can a man have who illustrates sex with statues?

ROBT. WINS.

ROBT. WINS

NUMBER 33

The Mask Of Tragedy Distinguishing Another Gentleman's Marked Inability To Get Along With Women

Academic Title: Masquerading As 'Mr. Handsome Man,' A Myopic And Socially Inept Swooner Is Maimed By His Own Presumption

Common Title: The Nearsighted Loverboy

Again unrequited love occupies the meaning of this picture. Our male protaganist perpetrates himself as a charming swooner by hiding behind the photo of a handsome matinee idol, but his real self is expressed by a tragic face of sorrow hopelessly infatuated with the female image. This poor fellow has been endowed with a sizable set of eyeballs to symbolize his myopic appreciation of the girl; in other words, he can't see the forest for the trees.

To the defense: "Que sera sera, whatever will be will be"; so this background is saying "let it be!" All action is impromptu as the force of pure energy finds its own natural course. These energy charges have polarities, positive forces and negative forces that match positive emotions and negative emotions — from light to dark, from hot to cold.

A curious question: Not to take away from Mr. Williams' obvious existential lifestyle, but is this type of work his only income? Is he feeding a family with this kind of stuff? How big of an audience is there for this type of material? Does Mr. Williams have a criminal record? Has he ever been institutionalized? Look at this picture, everything in it indicates antisocialism. The mask represents resentment against public sexual standards. The girl shows us that the artist thinks women are the cause of all the world's troubles as well as being rightly imprisoned by their own sexuality. I have no evidence, but I would guess that Mr. Williams was an only child.

NUMBER 34

Ecumenical Libido

Academic Title: Exemption Of Guilt From The Irreverent Subconscious

Common Title: The Southern End Of Hot Contemplation

Portrayed is a priest acting the role of the fatherly mentor who instructs a young girl, presumably about matters concerning a newborn chick which the child is holding. But as he so reverently converses with her his head has metaphysically opened up and his brain has become transposed over the genitals of a female apparition. This would indicate that while talking to the child, his thoughts were occupied with sexual matters. For people with a great sense of religious conviction, this painting might sting.

A view from the ivory tower: How intimate the feeling, when bright color is suddenly shoved out into cold space, especially when these warm fragments come from a hot exploding core. Here reds, purples and blues step up to a beat that heralds a step-lively mood. The cadence measures off the musical pulse of a psychic drummer . . . boom bomba . . . boom bomba; a graphic sound that causes to well up within us a feeling of impending liberation, as if any second now a crashing crescendo will set us free. But will we be free? Once we've heard those pounding drums can we ever escape their rhythm? Likewise, can we escape this artist's colors? We know that the artist is a prisoner of his creative psyche, but are we his cell mates?

A much duller view: Look, there is nothing in this picture that gives any indication of the artist even having a 'creative psyche.' He has a sociopathic psyche and antisocial instinct that seems to have been cultivated to a point where he can express his psychoses, but I wouldn't call it 'creative' in the sense of a positive accomplishment. It's more like a pig knowing the best places to wallow. Here again, in this painting he has taken social convictions and made contrary accusations out of them — something like a spoiled child who can't have candy, refusing to eat his porridge. Society can't stop what it's doing and wonder why this artist is upset. Mankind doesn't owe Mr. Williams a damn thing!

ROBT. WMS.

Palomino Pizza

Academic Title: Jesse James' Daughter And The Ghost Of Belle Star Substitute Perch For Anchovies With A Cowgirl Topping

Common Title: Buckaroo Muff In The Mozzarella

Another food theme, this time clashing two cultures together; the cowgirl image from the Old West and the pasta cooking of Italy. This is reminiscent of composer Giacomo Puccini's opera 'The Girl of the Golden West,' a 1910 Italian opera about American cowboys. It was the first 'Spaghetti Western.' Pizza is held sacred in the sense that it is purely Italian, whereas the rest of the pastas immigrated with Marco Polo back from China seven hundred years ago. The Devil, represented here as the chef, is cast as grand manipulator, towering in size compared to the girls, who are riding the pizzas like rodeo bareback riders. All seems well, as this appears to be a sport of nymphs.

An appraisal with a smile: Fire and brimstone, or a yawning-toothed abyss? That's the question when we try to guess the nature of this background. Are these white protuberances supposed to be fire or is the design in question actually the negative areas between these white puffs? Are these black cavities intended to speak of psychosorrow or are they mouthing the silent oath of the artist's

jovial libido? I think the latter. I think Mr. Williams is kidding us with these flames and is really writing between the lines. "Look here," he is saying, "see my flames," but when you view this work, your subconscious sees only the whispering mouths. If you find yourself laughing for no reason when you view this painting, it's because the artist is telling you a little joke. He's asking, "How many artists does it take to screw in a light bulb?" And you're answering, "None, because you don't need light bulbs when you use your psychic light!"

An appraisal with reservations: "Psychic light indeed!" When is a blob going to be a blob? Why not just count the mushrooms on the pizza, then use that to calculate the artist's astrological chart if you want to stab in the dark? The quintessence of this picture is the tactile message that the artist is giving us, delicate sensitive female genitals forced into hot melting cheese — that is the total sum of this picture! This cheap, lurid sensation is the only expression that this artist wishes to convey. An experience worthy of discussion only in the men's room of a pool hall!

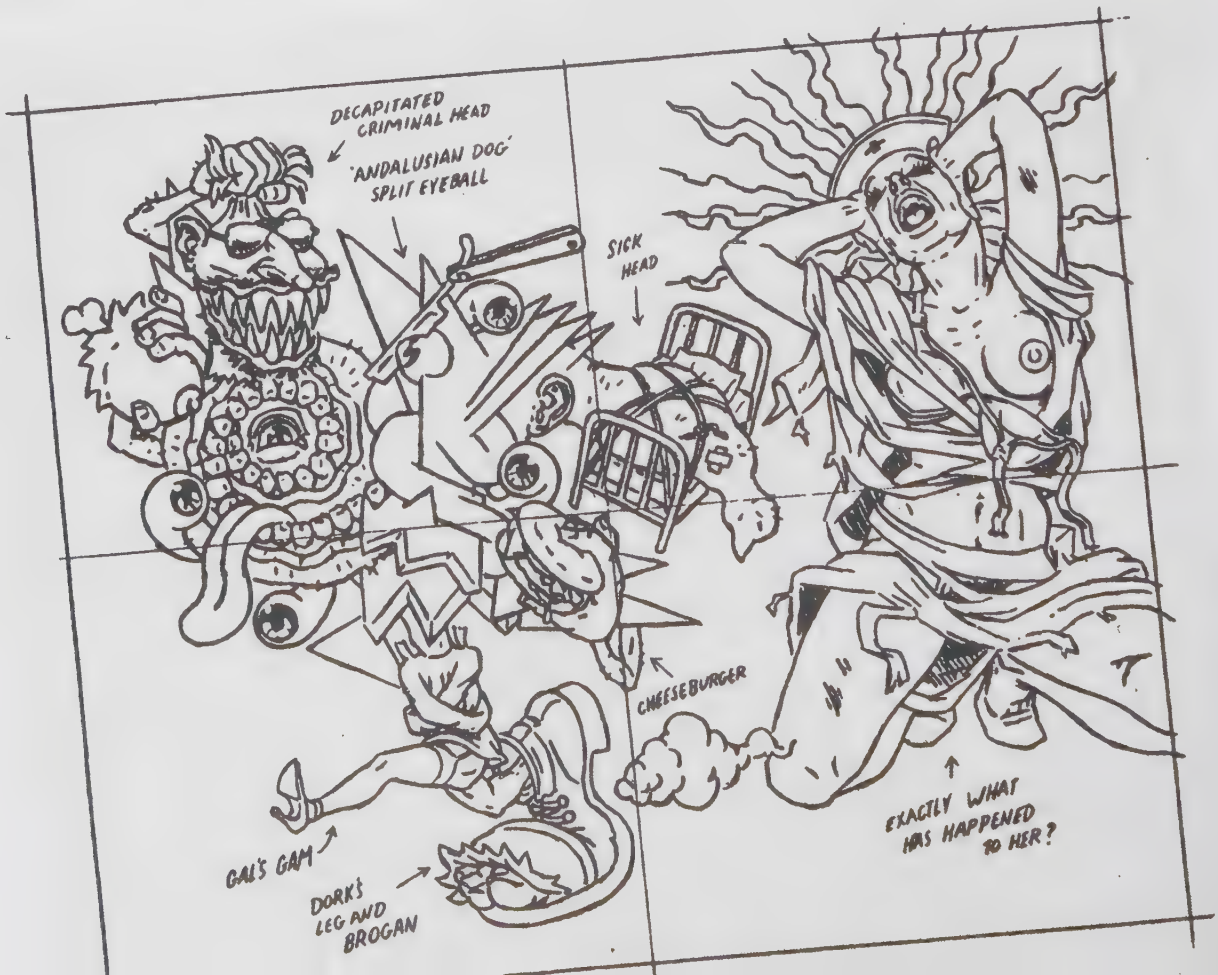
The Patient In Room X

Academic Title: A Severe Psychoneurotic Condition Brought On By The Female Use Of Children's Words That Describe Bodily Functions

Common Title: A Conniption Romance With A Naughty Maniac

This oil painting revels in the manic tomfoolery in a supreme bedlam, a place so satiated in schizophrenic confusion that the victims can hardly tell themselves from the attackers, and where the only reason is overt contradiction. We see the nurse, the very caretaker of the mentally infirmed, having been violently assaulted — but in what way? The key figure in all this insanity is a multi-personalitied thing that has no one-face and seems inconsistent in its gender. Coming out from under a straight jacket, it shows one male leg and one female leg. Its head is a shapeless cephalic protuberance that is tied to a bed to indicate illness. The central characteristic of this character is his futuristic design that matches the background. This forms a spinning panoply of limbs and food and eyeballs and severed heads — a crowded mulligan stew of insanity.

The open-minded evaluation: 'Orange with blue makes colors that ensue!' That's right, orange and blue will come out and chase you. If you're reluctant to brandish gay colors then this isn't for you. Who was it that said, "Orange be the color of my true love's gown but placed against the sky it just turns brown"?
What this indicates is that



blue and orange, like may colors in the spectrum, when mixed turns a muddy brown. Energy times energy equals neutrality. This also applies to the design pattern in the background; straight sharp angles contrast against curvilinear forms to relax the composition. Do you feel 'at one' with this painting? That's because the artist meant this picture to be the same for you as a soft hammock under a big shade tree on a hot summer's day with a big pitcher of cool lemonade.

A critical assessment: Knowing this artist, I'd tell you to watch out — that yellow fluid in the pitcher might not be lemonade! Well, at least in this picture the artist has gotten past his hangup with unrequited love. I see he's solved this by portraying the female lead as being raped. Since he draws them he can rape them. The act of rape is the grand endeavor of a kleptomaniac, the great prize of any thief, to steal another person's virtue. This horrible miasma of sex and violence is put together from the artist's own adult psycho baby-talk. Remember, to the artist this is sexually stimulating.

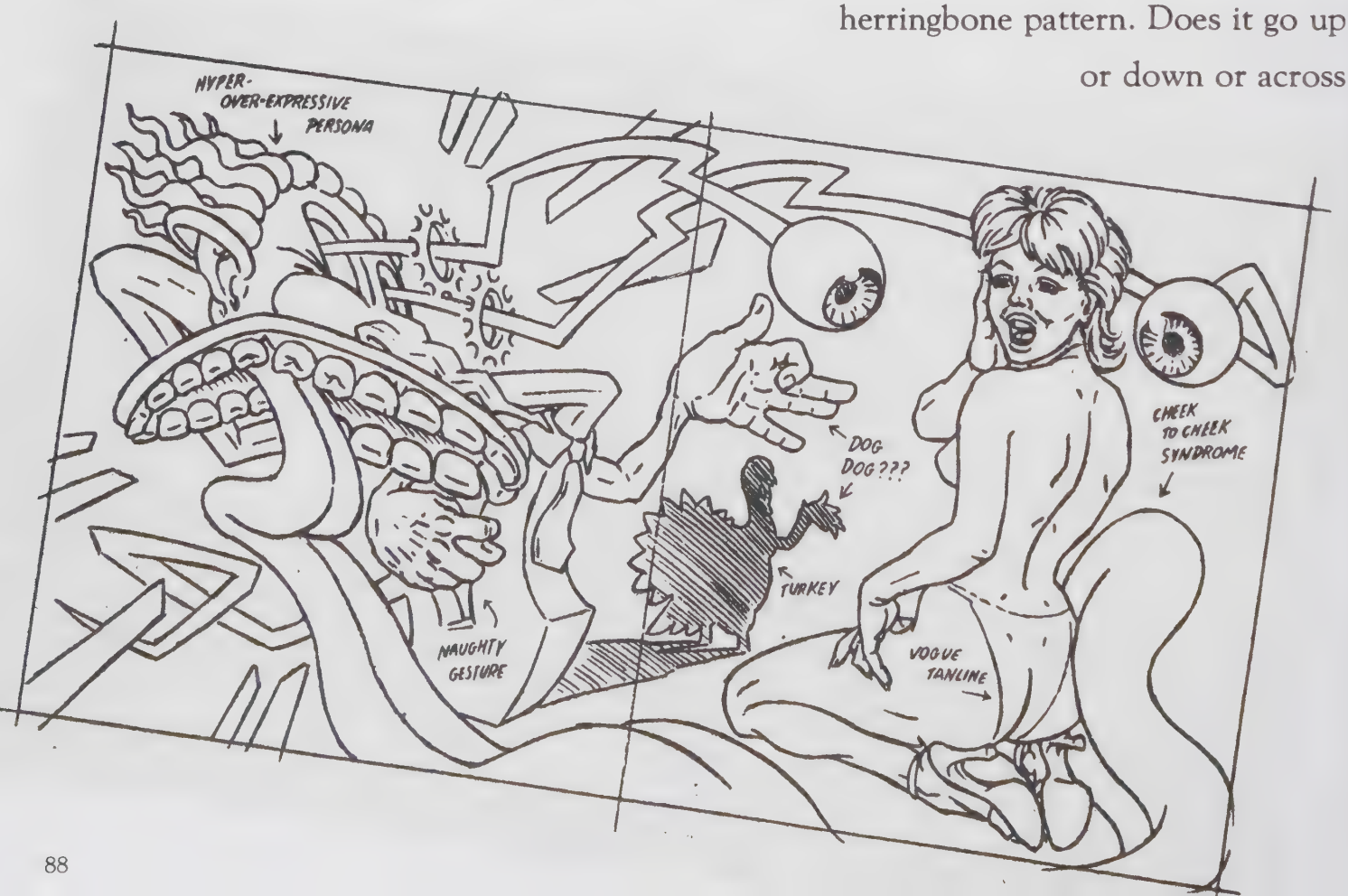
The Easily Amused Being Pampered By The Overly Amazed

Academic Title: The Instigation Of A New Species Starting Out With The Use Of Shadow Puppets As The Initial Pre-Foreplay

Common Title: The Wolf Who Gobbled

We have an anxious lover once again, in the form of an overexpressive comic face. If facial expressions are categorized like 'sardonic smile' and 'conceited sneer' then this smile could be called the asinine horse yawn. It is said that the smile is the only motion of the face that uses all of the facial muscles. If this is true, then it looks as if this fellow must have used some other people's muscles too. Our happy head is trying to win the charms of his lady friend with shadow puppets. He casts for her the shadow of a dog, but the shadow takes on his true nature, that of a turkey. His other hand unconsciously mimics his true intentions with the ancient gesture of coitus.

The Gestalt secret vision: Left, right, left, right, snake the undulating ribs in a mystic procession — first to one side, then to the other. This is the nature of the herringbone pattern. Does it go up or down or across



or diagonally? Does it recede or does it advance? Does it form subconscious patterns and spell out your name? Yes, it does all these things! One time, when I was looking at a herringbone design in a brick walkway I saw a beautiful kite sailing in a sky of snakes. I wondered what this meant until I realized that the kite wasn't sailing or moving. The snakes around it were sailing and the kite was really a negative hole within which sat a Viking princess whispering my name. Do you understand what I'm getting at? The artist's secret psyche is expressing itself so delicately that you can't imagine that the message is so heavy — like anvils feathered into threads.

A conscious response: This picture is like the feet of our clown here; he hasn't got any and he isn't going anywhere! The four neurotic devices in this scene are: one, the tongue's contact with the girl; number two, the eyes ogling the girl; number three, the fact that the girl is nude; and of course number four, the use of the ugly hand gesture which has already been mentioned. The most telling symbol is in the action of the eyes, not their rude staring, but the fact that they have passed through symbolic anal spincters. These star-washer shapes substantiate my belief in Mr. Williams' retentive nature — he wishes to see where no eyes belong.

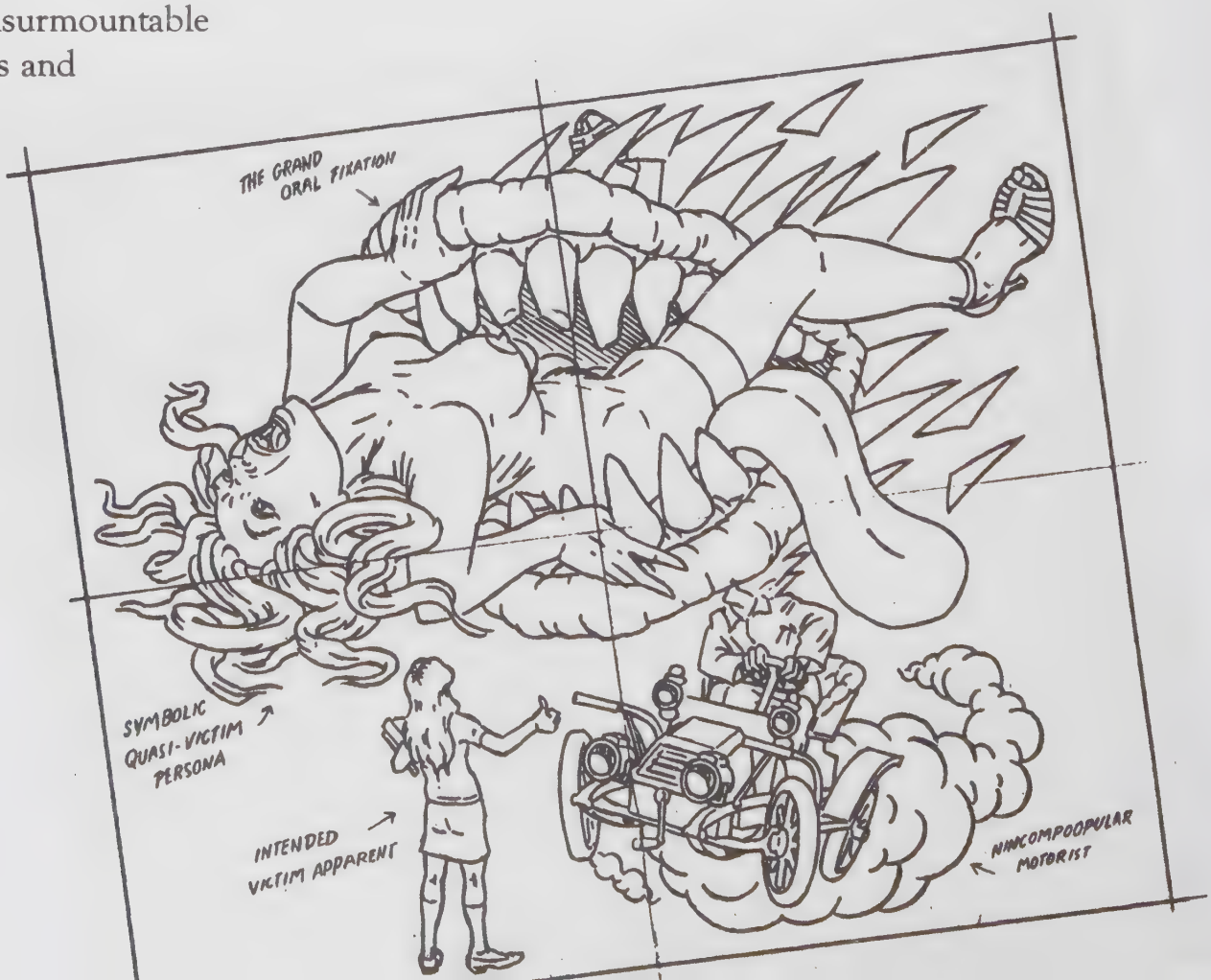
A Young Girl's Smile Isn't Legal Consent

Academic Title: The Hitchhiker Personifying The Latent Victim While The Motorist Assumes The Role Of The Aggressionatory Agent As Opportunity Adds The Fatal Cohesion

Common Title: Hit 'N Run Pollination

A treatise on the danger of hitchhiking is emphasized here with an oral fixation. This theme deals with the assault, or as the case may be, the molestation of a younger woman. The matter of age is very important. Is the young girl pictured supposed to be the older woman in the ensuing assault? Does the assailant envision maturity in the child? Premature beauty in young girls is a point that has been brought up regarding this picture. This is a rare condition that can occur to young girls, called 'Beaute' du Diable,' where for some unexplained reason, the child reaches premature adulthood. This is characterized by extreme beauty at an early age, but by the time she reaches her nineteenth birthday the girl will start showing signs of homeliness, and within a short period of time will become unpleasantly ugly. Today's modern attitudes find viewing women's appearance in this manner both sexist and bigoted, so this condition is no longer recognized.

A more uplifting note: Mountains of shape and mountains of color, chartreuses stacked majestically on royal mauves, steep angles, insurmountable precipices and



crashing ravines; all form the character of this breathtaking background. How high this artist's spirit must soar to associate himself with this achievement. But there's another facet to this picture — notice how these chartreuse and purple zig-zags subtly transform into black and white in the right-hand corner. The invisible area of this transistion is the point for your attention. What color is it?! That's right, you can't identify it. It's a color that's not in the normal scientific spectrum. Mr. Williams has done what some people say is impossible, he's made new colors. Actually he's used what is called 'extra-ethereal colors' — true psychic colors — the colors you see when you hit your head with a hammer.

Rebuff: To begin with, the ideas of 'Beauté du Diable' is absolute nonsense, a vulgar euphemism from the thirties! And the bit about magic colors, pure bunk! If you call muted tans and grays undiscovered subconscious colors, then you've thrown the baby out with the bath water. Pedophilic and repressed sexual attitudes are the subject of this, for lack of a better term, obscene 'mustache ride.'

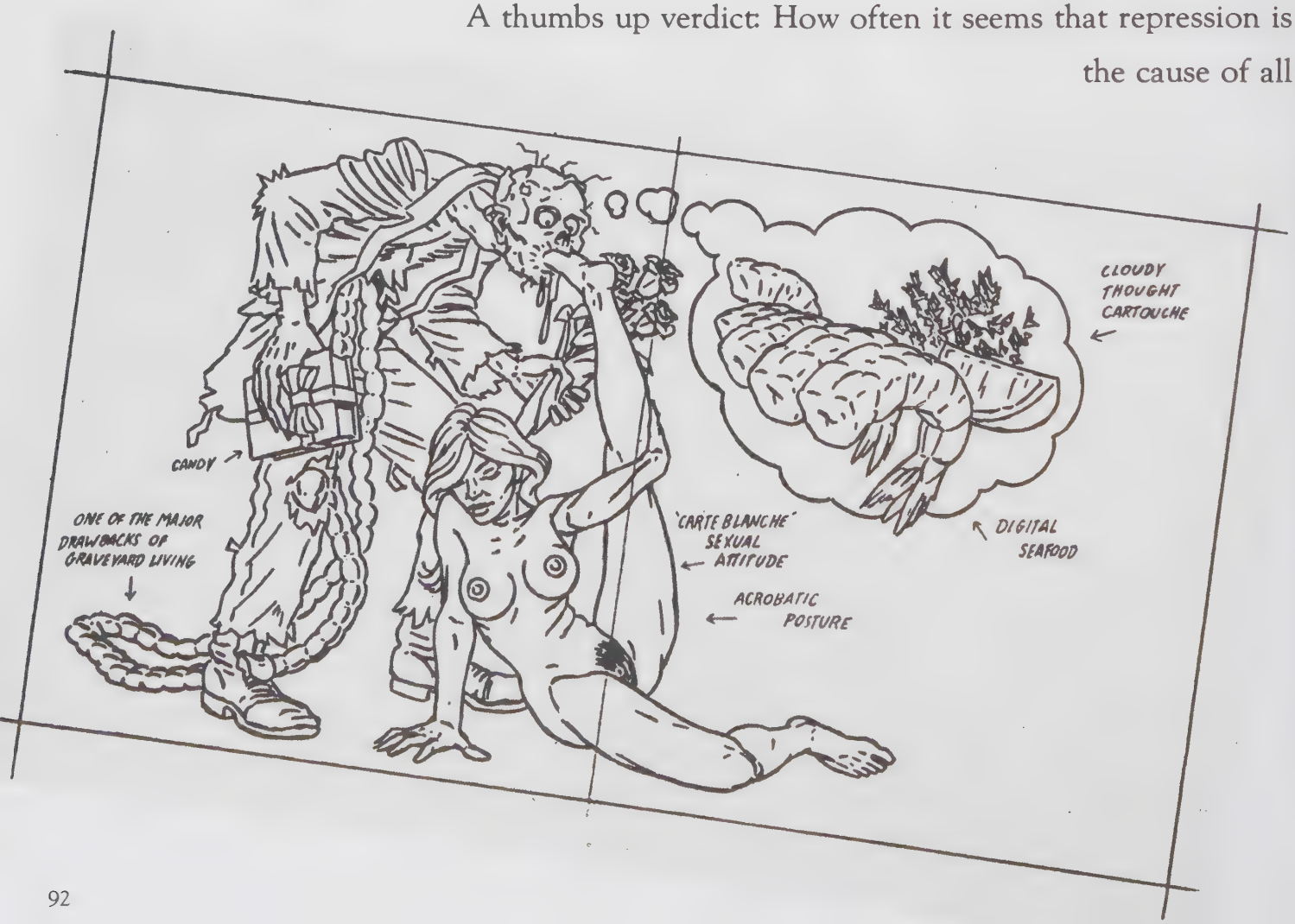
The Legendary Shrimp Job

Academic Title: A Textbook Case Of Metatarsal Sex On The First Date

Common Title: Hot Toe Scampi

Again we have a suitor, this time a padiock courting a nude woman in a style most uneloquent. He has orally engaged her toes and imagines them to be prawns. There actually is a term for this. The eroticologist Krafft-Ebing says that toe sucking fits into the category of koprolagnia, a broader term that also encompasses some much viler acts, acts we won't describe here. The woman seems indifferent and reconciled to the situation. The concept of foot worship is ancient and its most common form appears as a shoe fetish. An odd connection with this is the worship of wheels, the extension of the foot. The most easily understood example of cycliomania is the image of a nude woman on rollerskates.

A thumbs up verdict: How often it seems that repression is the cause of all



psychosomatic ills. But here, it's not that the artist has repressed his innermost feelings; on the contrary, he has overexplained himself and is totally spent. As you see, the checkerboard pattern, which indicates a will for definite black and white, right and wrong answers and solutions, is present here. But in addition we have this stoic field broken by loud outbursts of arching contradictions. Is there middle ground between right and wrong? The artist says "yes!" When is an orange not an orange? When it's rotted and become a 'brown.' You see, it's a matter of psycho-semantics.

A modest rebuttal: I'm amazed that we've become so much like the girl in the picture, that after just 39 paintings we've become completely tolerant and indifferent to the perversity illustrated here. To have become accustomed, or at least callus to swill of this nature is a sad commentary on mankind. The artist is winning his war of indecent indoctrination. This is the very reason that children should not be exposed to this tripe. When you can no longer see the psychoses in perversion, you have joined the perverts' ranks. Verbally describe this picture to yourself in your mind, and I think you will see what I mean.

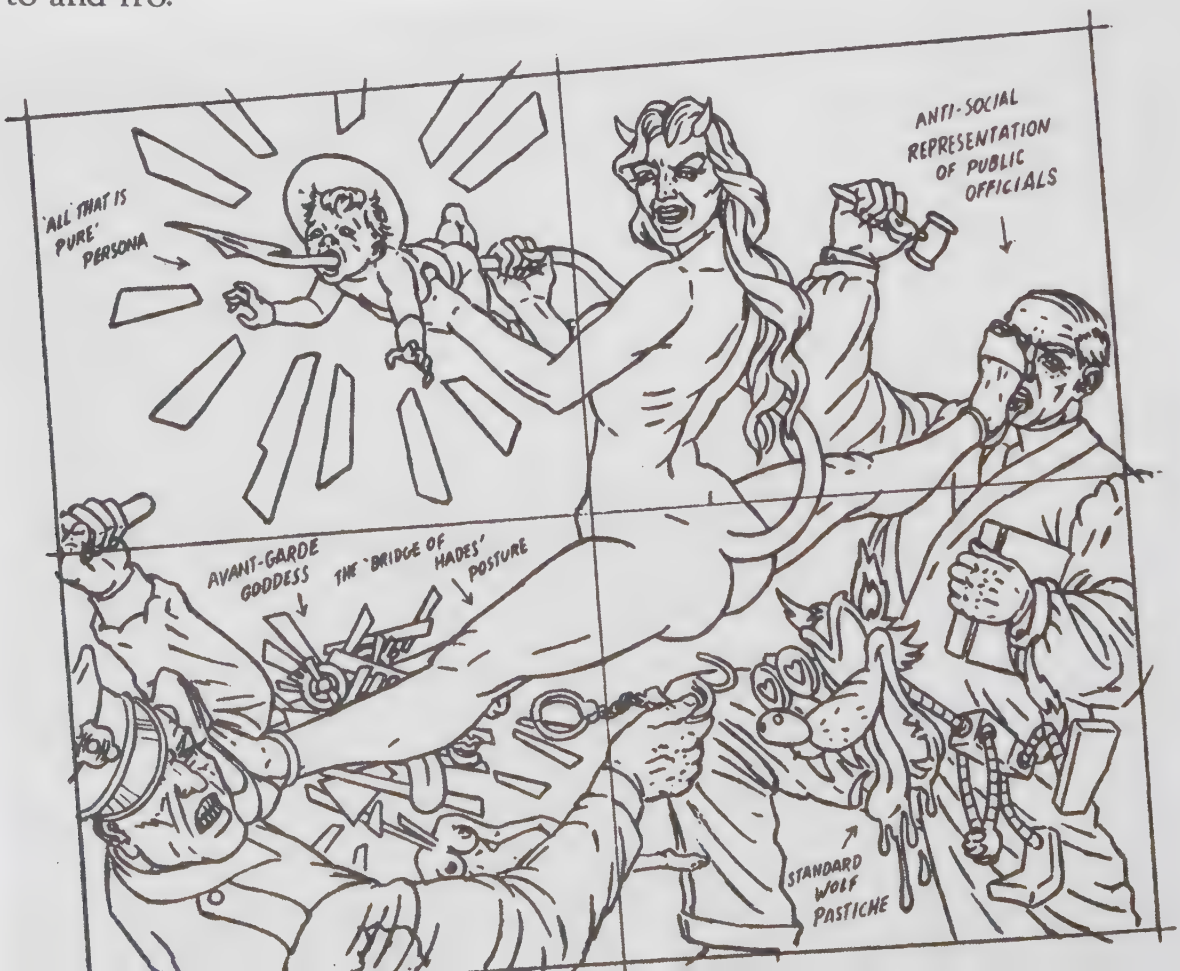
The Anti-Madonna's Affirmation Of The Status Quo

Academic Title: The Dowager Of Damnation Exhibits Her Contempt For Other Individuals' Personal Beliefs By Staging A Tasmanian Mayhem Nativity

Common Title: The Immaculate Fiasco

The last painting of this series and a real invocation of decadence — painted with the intention of making the last blow fatal. The only thing that can be compared with this fashion of art is the old theater attraction called 'Théâtre Grand Guignol,' which was very popular in France around the turn of the century and saw a rebirth in San Francisco in the 1950s. These presentations dealt exclusively with ribald violence and murder, and had no social redeeming value, yet gained a great following. The material in these paintings parallels Théâtre Grand Guignol with its gratuitous violence and with the audience being pandered into believing that they have artistic and cultural pretensions. Common anxieties are simply played upon to get certain reactions — never going so far as to enter the unforgivable realm of pornography, but still blatantly utilizing elements of disgust that can't be criminally defined. Also in this last painting are the cartoon characters that appeared in the first Zombie Mystery Painting.

A last uptempo glance: Silhouettes in unison marching to and fro!



Light over dark over light over dark, and so it goes, like a pendulum — which way is the bulk of the movement headed? The important thing about light and dark colors is that your subconscious mind views them in their reverse mode, or negative nature — that is to say that black is white, red is green and so forth. Your subconscious also views mood impressions in a reversed manner; sadness is joy and disdain is love. Here, Mr. Williams, has belted us with despondency to insure us of euphoria.

A last decent appraisal: We have endured forty oil paintings of a nature I can only call debilitating, painted by a gentleman who distinguishes himself as both a pseudo-psychopath and a legitimate sociopath. He wishes us to think he is crazy in order to lend attention to his name, when indeed he really is seriously mentally impaired. He sees himself as a mad genius but exhibits all the symptoms of a helpless erotomaniac, voyeur and pathetic anal retentive. He receives gratification through shaming himself by shaming others. This artist should be denied all personal contact with women, children and barnyard animals.

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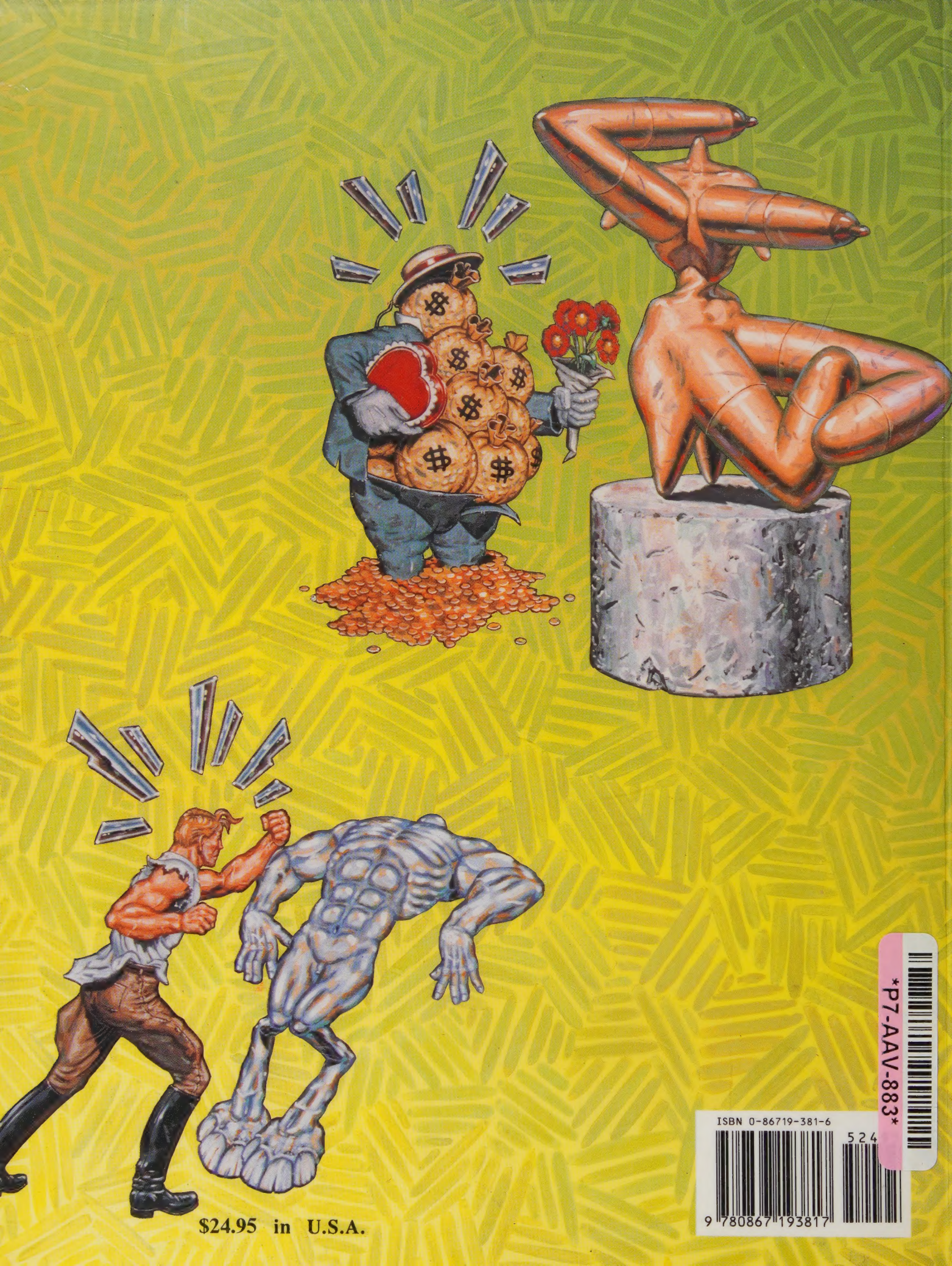

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